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## LOHENGRIN:

A ROMANTIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS, BY

RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 245.)

### SCENE III.

It is now quite day. Warders play a morning song on the trumpet, and are answered from a tower in the distance. Serfs come from inside the castle, fill pails from a well, and carry them into the palace. The four trumpeters then advance out of the palace and sound the King's challenge, after which they retire. FRIEDRICH has hidden himself behind a projecting portion of the cathedral wall. From the court-yard of the castle, and through the gateway of the tower, Brabant nobles and Vassals stream forth, increasing in number every minute, and assemble before the cathedral; they greet each other in joyful excitement.

**NOBLES AND VASSALS.** The summons calls us hither in the early morn; the day promises much indeed. He who has worked such sublime wonders here may accomplish many more. (*The Herald advances with the four Trumpeters from out the palace, and ascends the eminence before the door. The King's challenge is again sounded. Every one turns towards the Herald.*)

**HERALD.** The King's word and will do I proclaim to you, therefore pay due attention to what he says through me. Friedrich Telmarund is under the ban of the Empire and an outlaw, because he falsely dared the trial by combat; whoever still cherishes him, or associates with him, falls, according to the law of the Empire, under the same sentence.

**THE MEN.** Curses on him, the false one! whom God's judgment has stricken! The pure man shall avoid him—let rest and sleep desert him!

[*Another flourish by the Trumpeters.*]

**HERALD.** Furthermore, the King informs you that he has enfeoffed with the crown and country of Brabant the heaven-sent stranger whom Elsa has selected for her husband. The hero will not, however, be called Duke, but Protector of Brabant!

**THE MEN.** Long live the wished-for man! Hail to him whom God sent! We are true subjects of the Protector of Brabant. (*Another flourish by the trumpeters.*)

**HERALD.** Now hear the message he sends you through me! To-day, he celebrates with you his marriage feast; to-morrow, however, you must be ready to take the field in discharge of your duty towards the King. He himself disdains to indulge in soft repose, and leads you on to the glorious blessings of fame!

**THE MEN.** (*Enthusiastically.*) Do not neglect to prepare for the fight; the August One leads you on! Whoever bravely fights by his side, for him smiles the path to renown. He is sent by God, for the greatness of Brabant. (*While the Men are enthusiastically moving about, and the Herald returning into the Palace, Four NOBLES advance into the foreground.*)

**FIRST NOBLE.** Prithce, tell me! will he take us out of the country?

**SECOND NOBLE.** Against a foe that never threatened us?

**THIRD NOBLE.** Such a rash proceeding does not become him.

**FOURTH NOBLE.** Who will oppose him if he orders us to undertake the journey?

**FRIEDRICH.** (*Stepping between them, and somewhat raising the covering from his head.*) I!

**THE FOUR NOBLES.** Ha! Who art thou? Friedrich! do I see aught? Dost thou venture to come here, a prey for every serf?

**FRIEDRICH.** I will dare still more! A bright dawn shall break before your eyes! He who so boldly ordered you to take the field, shall be accused by me of playing false with Heaven!

**THE FOUR NOBLES.** What do I hear? Madman! what is thy intention? Thou art lost if thou art heard by the people. (*They push FRIEDRICH on one side, and conceal him among themselves, in great*

dread of the People. Pages come out of the "Kemenate" upon the terrace, and, descending towards the Palace, summon the Men.)

**PAGES.** Make room for Elsa, our lady! She intends, God willing, to proceed to the Cathedral. (*They form a broad passage through the Men, who willingly fall back, and then clear the steps of the Cathedral, where they take up their position.*)

### SCENE IV.

A long procession of women in rich apparel are seen advancing from within the "Kemenate" upon the terrace, whence they descend to the Palace: they then turn again towards the foreground, to approach the Cathedral.

**NOBLES AND VASSALS.** (*While the procession is passing.*) With blessings shall she advance, who long suffered with humility! May God guide her and protect her steps! She approaches like an angel, glowing with chaste fire! Hail to thee, thou greatly virtuous! Hail, Elsa von Brabant.

(*ELSA, magnificently attired, appears in the procession; among the women who follow her, and close the train, is ORTRUD, also richly dressed. The women walking nearest her, hold themselves aloof, and but slightly restrain their aversion, so that ORTRUD stands, as it were, abandoned. An expression of sullen anger is depicted with gradually increasing force in her countenance. At the moment when ELSA, amid the loud acclamations of the crowd, is about to set her foot upon the first step of the Cathedral, ORTRUD, advancing furiously out of the procession, goes up to her, and, placing herself opposite on the same step, compels her to retire again.*)

**ORTRUD.** Back, Elsa! I will no longer submit to follow thee like a domestic! Thou shalt everywhere give me precedence, and humbly prostrate thyself before me.

**PAGES AND MEN.** What does the woman mean?

**ELSA.** (*Greatly startled.*) In Heaven's name! what do I see? What sudden change has come over thee?

**ORTRUD.** Because for an hour I forgot my own worth, did you think that I was always to approach you in a cringing manner? I am now bold enough to avenge what I have suffered; and what belongs to me, that will I obtain forthwith!

**ELSA.** Alas! why was I misled by thy hypocrisy, when thou stoolest to me, with lamentations, in the night? How canst thou now appear so arrogantly before me—thou, the wife of one condemned by Heaven?

**ORTRUD.** Although a false decision has driven away my husband into banishment, his name was highly honoured in the land; he was called the model of every virtue, and his valiant sword was known and feared. But with regard to thy intended husband, say: Who knows him here? Even thou thyself art unable to tell us his name.

**MEN AND WOMEN.** (*Greatly moved.*) What does she say? what does she proclaim? She is a traducer! Silence her!

**ORTRUD.** Canst thou name him? Canst thou inform us whether his descent—his nobility is well proved? Whence the waves bore him to thee? When and for where he will leave thee? Ah! no! It would, forsooth, reduce him to the greatest straits; and so the cunning hero forbid thee to put the question.

**MEN AND WOMEN.** Ah! does she speak the truth? What weighty accusations—she reviles him! How dares she!

**ELSA.** (*Recovering from a state of profound astonishment.*) Thou calumniator! Thou abandoned woman! Listen, and thou shalt see whether I can trust myself to answer! So pure and noble is his nature, so virtuous and so august, that he who doubts his mission shall never be pardoned for the insult! Did not my dear hero, through God's assistance, vanquish thy husband in the fight? Now, all of you shall with justice, say, which of the two can alone be pure?

**MEN AND WOMEN.** Only he! only he! only thy hero!

**ORTRUD.** Ah! how soon would this purity of thy hero be tarnished, were he obliged to confess the nature of the magic through which he

wields his power! If thou darest not question him, we are justified in believing that thou thyself hast little faith in his purity.

**THE WOMEN.** (*Supporting ELISA.*) Protect her from the hatred of this infamous woman.

**THE MEN.** (*Towards the background.*) Make room! make room! The King approaches!

## SCENE V.

The KING, LOHENGRIN, the Saxon and Brabant Counts and Nobles, all magnificently dressed, come out of the Palace. LOHENGRIN and the KING eagerly push their way into the foreground, through the confused masses.

**THE MEN.** Hail! Hail to the King! Hail to the Protector of Brabant!

**KING.** What strife is this?

**ELISA.** (*Falling upon LOHENGRIN'S bosom.*) My Lord, Oh, my master!

**LOHENGRIN.** What is the matter?

**KING.** Who dares disturb us on our way to church?

**THE KING'S SUITE.** What strife was it that we heard?

**LOHENGRIN.** What do I behold?—that wretched woman with thee?

**ELISA.** My saviour! protect me from this woman! Reprove me, if I was disobedient to thy commands! I beheld her, steeped in misery, before this door, and took her with me! See, now, how she returns my goodness! She reviles me, because I trust in thee.

**LOHENGRIN.** (*Casting a fated and scrutinising look on ORTRUD.*) Thou dreadful woman! leave her! Here shalt thou never be victorious! Tell me, ELISA—did she succeed in pouring her venom into thy heart? (*ELISA, weeping, hides her face in his bosom.*)

**LOHENGRIN.** (*Raising her, and pointing to the Cathedral.*) Come! Let thy tears flow there in peace! (*As LOHENGRIN with ELISA, at the head of the procession, is about to proceed solemnly towards the Cathedral, FRIEDRICH appears on the steps, from among the crowd of Women and Pages, who, as soon as they recognise, avoid him with terror.*)

**FRIEDRICH.** O King; basely deceived, arrest thy steps!

**THE MEN.** What does he do here? Accursed one, fly from this place!

**KING.** Dost thou dare brave my anger?

**FRIEDRICH.** Oh, listen to me!

**THE MEN.** Away! thou art doomed to death!

**FRIEDRICH.** Hear me, to whom you have done a terrible wrong! The Court of Heaven was dishonoured and deceived, and you are blinded by a sorcerer's wiles!

**THE MEN.** Seize the infamous wretch! Hark! he calumniates Heaven! (*They press upon him, but stop in affright at the sound of his voice, which trembles with despair, till, at last, they listen attentively.*)

**FRIEDRICH.** Him, whom I see before me yonder in splendour, do I accuse of deceit! Like dust before the breath of God, let the power which he obtained by guilt be blown away! How badly did you observe the regulations of the Court, which, nevertheless, deprived me of honour, in sparing him a question when he came to the trial by combat! You shall not, now, forbid that question to be put by me:—I publicly ask him, in the face of the world, his name, his country, his condition, and his honours! (*An emotion of surprise is visible on the faces of all.*) Who is he, that sailed to this land, conducted hither by a Swan? I regard, as mere delusion, the purity of those who are favoured by such creatures of magic. He shall now answer the charge: if he is able, I have been rightly served—but if not, you shall see his virtue is of little worth.

**KING AND MEN.** This is a weighty accusation! What will he answer?

**LOHENGRIN.** I am not under the necessity of rendering an account to thee, who wast so forgetful of honour! I may resist the doubt of the wicked, since virtue will not perish for that!

**FRIEDRICH.** He does not consider me sufficiently worthy. I call upon thee, most honoured King! Will he treat thee also as ignoble, by forbidding thee to put the question?

**LOHENGRIN.** Yes, even the King will I resist, and the highest nobles of the land. The weight of doubt cannot oppress them; they witnessed my good deed. There is only one, to whom I am bound to give an answer; ELISA—(*As he turns toward ELISA, he stops in surprise, on beholding her, with wildly heaving bosom, a prey to a violent inward struggle, gazing fixedly on space.*) ELISA! How I behold her tremble! I see her in wild rumination! Has the lying tongue of Hate infatuated her? Oh, Heaven, shield her from that danger! Never let doubt assail the breast of this Pure One!

**FRIEDRICH AND ORTRUD.** I see her in wild rumination; doubt is springing up in her heart; if the question be put, he who, to my misfortune, visited this land, is lost!

**KING AND ALL THE MEN.** What secret must the hero keep? If it brings misfortune, let his lips faithfully preserve it! We protect him,

the Noble One, from danger; through his act was his nobility made known.

**ELISA.** It would, probably, be attended with danger, were his tongue openly to pronounce before everyone what he conceals. Woe to me, ungrateful, whom he saved; were I to betray him, that it became known. My heart's core, nevertheless, is agitated with doubt!

**KING.** My hero! Answer the false one boldly! Thou art too noble to fear his charges!

**THE MEN.** (*Flocking round LOHENGRIN.*) We stand by thee! we will never repent having recognised thee as the model of heroes. Give us thy hand; we truly and faithfully believe thy name a noble one, even though it be withheld.

**LOHENGRIN.** You shall not, heroes; ever repent your confidence, even though my name and race be never named.

[*While LOHENGRIN, surrounded by the men, whose outstretched hands he shakes in succession, is near the back of the stage, FRIEDRICH bends unobserved towards ELISA, who, from agitation, confusion, and shame, has hitherto been unable to look on LOHENGRIN, and, struggling with her feelings, still remains in the foreground.*]

**FRIEDRICH.** (*Mysteriously.*) Confide in me! Let me tell thee of a plan which will procure thee certainty.

**ELISA.** (*Startled, but in a loud voice.*) Away!

**FRIEDRICH.** Let me but deprive him of a finger-joint, and I swear thou shalt fully know what he conceals; faithful to thee, he shall never depart hence.

**ELISA.** Ha! never!

**FRIEDRICH.** I shall be near thee in the night—if thou but call'st, it shall be quickly accomplished without hurt.

**LOHENGRIN.** (*Rapidly advancing to the foreground.*) ELISA, with whom art thou conversing?

[*ELISA turns away from FRIEDRICH with a sorrowful look of doubt, and sinks, deeply moved, at LOHENGRIN'S feet.*]

**LOHENGRIN.** (*In a terrible voice to FRIEDRICH and ORTRUD.*) Away from her, accursed ones! Never let my eyes again behold you near her. (*FRIEDRICH makes a gesture of agonising passion.*) ELISA, arise! In thy hands—in thy truth, lies the pledge of all happiness. Does not the power of doubt allow thee rest? Wilt thou put the question to me?

**ELISA.** (*With the greatest mental agitation.*) My saviour, who broughtest safety to me! My hero, in whom I must melt away! High above the power of all doubt . . . shall my love stand!

[*She sinks upon his breast. The organ is heard inside the Cathedral: the bells are pealed.*]

**LOHENGRIN.** Hail, to thee ELISA! Now let us proceed before Heaven!

**MEN AND WOMEN.** (*With enthusiastic emotion.*) See! see! He is sent from God! Hail to him! Hail, ELISA von Brabant!

[*Solemnly accompanied by his train, the KING leads LOHENGRIN by the left, and ELISA by the right hand, up the steps of the Cathedral. ELISA'S glance falls from her elevated position upon ORTRUD, who raises her hand towards her in menace; ELISA turns away in affright, and nestles close to LOHENGRIN; as the latter is conducting her to the Cathedral, the curtain falls.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

Introductory music, describing the bustle of the marriage feast. At the rising of the curtain, the stage represents the nuptial chamber. With the bridal bed in the midst of the background. Near an open projecting window there is a low couch. On either side, in the background, doors, leading into the chamber. The bridal procession approaches, with music and the bridal song, and enters the chamber in the following order:—Through the door on the right enter the women who accompany ELISA, and, through the door on the left, the men who accompany LOHENGRIN. Pages with lights precede each of the processions. When the two meet in the middle of the chamber, the King conducts ELISA to LOHENGRIN; and the two latter embrace and remain standing in the middle.

## BRIDAL SONG.

**MEN AND WOMEN.**—Faithfully conducted, advance to where the blessing of love, we pray, may preserve you. Victorious courage, the reward of love, unites you, through truth, a blessed pair. Champion of virtue, come forward first! Ornament of youth, advance! Let the clamor of the feast be now over! May the heart's bliss be yours! Let the fragrant chamber, decked out for love, now receive you, escaped from the pageant! Faithfully conducted, proceed now to where we pray that the blessing of love may preserve you! Victorious courage, love so pure, unite you, through truth, a blessed pair!

[*Pages divest LOHENGRIN of his rich upper garment, and take away his sword, which they lay upon the couch; Women*

*divest ELISA, likewise, of her rich upper garment. Eight Women slowly walk round LOHENGRIN and ELISA, while the above is being accomplished.*

EIGHT WOMEN. As God has sanctified you, we too sanctify you to joy; accompanied by the delights of love, remember long the present hour!

*[The KING embraces LOHENGRIN and ELISA. The pages make signs for the company to depart. The two trains walk past the married couple, so that the men leave the chamber by the door on the right, and the women by that on the left.]*

## BRIDAL SONG.

*(Sung as the two trains are leaving.)*

Faithfully watched, remain behind, where we pray that the blessing of love may preserve you! Victorious courage, love and happiness, unite you, in truth, a blessed pair. Champion of virtue, remain here! Ornament of youth, remain here! Let the clamor of the feast be over. May the heart's bliss be yours! The fragrant chamber decked out for love has received you, escaped from the pageant. Faithfully guarded, remain behind, where we pray the blessing of love may protect you! Victorious courage, love and happiness unite you, in truth, a blessed pair!

*[When all the company have left the chamber, the doors are closed from without. The song gradually dies away in the distance.]*

## SCENE II.

ELISA has sunk, as if overpowered with joy, on LOHENGRIN's breast. LOHENGRIN then conducts her gently towards the couch, on which both, nestling closely to each other, sit down.

LOHENGRIN. The sweet song dies away; we are alone; for the first time alone, since we beheld each other; now have we escaped from the world, and no listener can profane the greetings of our hearts. Elsa, my wife! thou sweet, pure bride! Art thou happy—let that be now confided to me!

ELISA. How cold I should be, to call myself only happy, when I possess all the bliss of Heaven! I feel my heart glow so sweetly towards thee; I breathe such ecstasy as God alone can give!

LOHENGRIN. If thou art able, sweet one, to call thyself happy, thou bestowest upon me, too, the bliss of Heaven! I feel my heart glow so sweetly towards thee, and breathe such ecstasy as God alone can give! How sublime is the nature of our love! We had never beheld each other, but felt a mutual presentiment; if I was selected to be thy champion, love paved the road for me to thee! Thy eyes assured me thou wert free from guilt; thy glance compelled me to adopt thy cause.

ELISA. But I had seen thee previously; thou hadst come to me in a blessed dream; so that, when I beheld thee really before me, I knew it was in accordance with the command of Heaven! I wished to fade away before thy look; to flow, like a rivulet, beneath thy feet; and, like a flower, shedding fragrance o'er the mead, enchanted did I desire to bend before thy steps. Is this only love? How shall I call it, that word, as unspeakably full of joy, as, alas! thy name, which I may never pronounce, and by which I may never designate my most precious treasure!

LOHENGRIN. *(Tenderly.)* Elsa!

ELISA. How sweetly does my name glide from thy lips! Wilt thou not let me hear the sweet sound of thine own? When we have reached love's stillness, alone shalt thou allow me to pronounce it!

LOHENGRIN. My sweet wife!

ELISA. Alone, when no one is watching; never let it be uttered in the ear of the world.

LOHENGRIN. *(Affectionately encircling her waist, and pointing out of the window.)* Dost thou not breathe with me the sweet perfumes? Oh, how beautifully do they entrance the senses! Mysteriously they come through the air—without a question do I deliver myself up to their magic influence. Such, too, is the magic that united me to thee, when I first beheld thee, thou sweet one! I had no need to inquire what was thy race; my eye beheld thee—and my heart immediately understood thee. However deliciously the perfumes intoxicate my senses, they are wafted to me, nevertheless, from inexplicable night; so was I necessarily enchanted with thy purity, although, when I met thee, thou wast suspected of a dreadful crime.

ELISA. Ah! Could I but appear worthy of thee! If I could but do something more than die with joy before thee! Oh! that some service I might render could unite me to thee; that I might only suffer for thee! Would that I could see thee in distress, as thou beheldest me here under the weight of a grave accusation! O, that I might courageously bear trouble, if I but knew a care that threatened thee! Is the secret, which thy lips shut out from the whole world, of this

nature? Perhaps harm awaits thee, if it were publicly known? Or if this is true, and if I might learn it—if I might have it in my power—it should be torn from me by no menace; for thee I would willingly undergo death!

LOHENGRIN. Beloved!

ELISA. Oh! make me proud by thy confidence, that I may not perish in unworthiness! Let me penetrate thy secret, that I may plainly know who thou art!

LOHENGRIN. Ah! Elsa, be silent!

ELISA. Unfold the worth of thy nobility to my truth! Say, without remorse, whence thou comest. Let the power of guarding silence be manifested by me.

LOHENGRIN. *(Seriously.)* Thou art already indebted to me for the greatest mark of confidence, inasmuch as I willingly believed thy oath! If thou never shrinkest from observing my prohibition, thou wilt be in my eyes far more worthy than all other women! *(He again draws ELISA softly to him, with a tranquillising gesture.)* To my breast, thou sweet, Pure One! Come close to my glowing heart. Let thine eye, in which I found all my happiness, gently shine upon me! Oh, allow me to catch with transport thy breath! Let me, ah! let me press thee closely to me, that I may be happy through thee! Thy love must recompense me highly for that which I left on thy account! There was no lot in God's wide world which could well be termed more honourable than mine! If the king had offered me his crown, I should have been justified in refusing it; I must find in my love the only thing which can recompense me for the sacrifice. Therefore, for ever banish doubt, and let thy love be my proud defence, for I do not come from night and wretchedness, but from splendour and bliss!

ELISA. God help me! What must I hear? What testimony has thy mouth pronounced! Thou wouldst but deceive me! I now behold my misfortune! The lot which thou hast left was thy greatest happiness: thou comest to me from bliss, and art sighing to return to it! How shall I, most wretched creature that I am, ever believe that my fidelity will satisfy thee? Some day will deprive me of thee, through repentance of thy love!

LOHENGRIN. Forbear to torture thyself thus needlessly!

ELISA. How dost thou torture me! Shall I count the days which thou wilt remain with me? My cheek will lose its bloom from my anxiety about thy stay; when thou departest I shall remain in sorrow here!

LOHENGRIN. Never shall thy charms fade, if thou remainest free from doubt.

ELISA. Ah! how powerful I ought to be to bind thee to me? Thy nature is full of magic; by a miracle thou camest hither. How should I ever recover? Where should I find security for thee? *(With violent emotion, starting, and as if listening.)* Didst thou hear nothing? Heardst thou no one approaching?

LOHENGRIN. Elsa!

ELISA. *(With a fixed and vacant gaze.)* Ah! no—but yes—yonder! the swan, the swan! Yonder he comes, swimming upon the stream—thou callest to him—he brings hither the skiff!

LOHENGRIN. Elsa, forbear—calm thy delusion!

ELISA. Nothing can give me rest—nothing rescue me from my delusion, but—even if it cost my life—knowing . . . who thou art!

LOHENGRIN. Elsa, what danger art thou risking?

ELISA. Unfortunate, beautiful man, hear what I must ask thee! Declare to me thy name!

LOHENGRIN. Hold!

ELISA. Whence camest thou?

LOHENGRIN. Woe to thee!

ELISA. What is thy race?

LOHENGRIN. Woe to us! What hast thou done? *(ELISA, standing before LOHENGRIN, whose back is turned to the back of the stage, perceives FRIEDRICH and the four BRABANT NOBLES as they rush through the back-door with drawn swords.)*

ELISA. *(With a terrible cry.)* Save thyself! thy sword! thy sword! *(She hastily gives LOHENGRIN the sword that was on the couch. He quickly draws it. LOHENGRIN strikes FRIEDRICH dead to the ground, with a single blow, as the former is about to strike at him. The affrighted NOBLES let their swords drop, and fall upon their knees before LOHENGRIN. ELISA, who has thrown herself on LOHENGRIN's breast, sinks slowly down his body to the ground. A long, breathless pause.)*

LOHENGRIN. Alas! our happiness has fled for ever!

*[He bends down over ELISA, raises her up gently, and places her on the couch.]*

ELISA. *(Languidly opening her eyes.)* Everlasting God! take compassion on me!



[The day is gradually breaking: the wax tapers are burnt down in their sockets, and threaten to go out. On a sign from LOHENGRIN, the four NOBLES rise.

LOHENGRIN. Carry the slain to the King's Court.

[The NOBLES take up FRIEDRICH's corpse, and leave the chamber with it through a door in the background. LOHENGRIN rings a bell, and four women enter.

LOHENGRIN. (To the women.) Deck out Elsa, my sweet wife, and conduct her into the presence of the King! There will I prepare an answer for her, that she may learn her husband's race!

[He departs, in a solemn and mournful manner, through the door on the right. The women conduct ELISA, who is scarcely capable of moving, towards the left. A curtain falls in the foreground and closes in the entire scene. Trumpets are heard, as if from the Courtyard of the Castle below, to summon the Nobles, Vassals, etc.

(To be continued.)

### A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 246.)

NEVERTHELESS, in this way, the melodic element began to creep into the works of the contrapuntists. With a singable middle part, the other parts too, which were formed more or less upon its pattern, were constrained to sing a little. Moreover, towards a poor song, stripped of its secular text, they had not to observe the same scruples as towards the traditional choral song; they took it, with all those liberties of which we have already spoken, they took it to pieces and constructed the canon out of its fragments. This new mode of treating the *canto fermo*, which divested it of its unavailableness and left it nothing but its name, was better suited to the requirements of the contrapuntal style, and, therefore, also more favourable to melody, because the song, before confined to the middle part, now passed about, by means of imitation, from one part to another. An example will make the thing quite clear. We borrow it from Josquin de Pres (Josquinus or Jodocus Pratensis), that great man with a double historical face, that genius of the transition, which closes the list of note-reckoners and opens that of the true composers. Josquin, who had mistaken his time, re-appeared, as everybody knows, two hundred and odd years afterwards, under the name of Sebastian Bach. The mistake in the chronology was thereby balanced; man showed what he was able to accomplish:



This is the "Hosanna" of a mass made out of "Faisans Regres," a song which the bass and middle part divides between them in strict canon, and whose two upper parts present a sort of paraphrastic, but, in respect to harmony, very incorrect fugue. The cadences from the third to the fourth and from the ninth to the tenth bar must have pained even the ears of those times.

There is a celebrated fact, in the history of music, which really seems to be in contradiction with earlier transactions. Josquin, they tell us, was a genius of the first rank; he threw all his predecessors into the shade, and his works even served for models to the composers in the second half of the sixteenth century. But was not this the very period of the complaints of the Council of Trent about the decline of church music? Complaints, the justice of which the historian has never attempted to call in question since they have made them known to us. They were, indeed, but too well founded. In whom then lay the guilt of this degeneracy, if not in the disciples of the Flemish school, the disciples of that very Josquin whom Burney calls the father of harmony, although he was nothing more than the grandfather, the father of the real father, whose name was Palestrina. How, then, could progress and decline take place at once? Let any one examine the note-text which I have just placed before his eyes, and he will answer much more clearly than the prose of historians. In the first place, he will observe in it an immense progress, so far as it concerns the art of composition, which, under the pen of the great Josquinus Pratensis, had already passed over into the state of music. Then, too, he will see what it was that was complained of by the fathers of the Council of Trent, and with them by all good catholics, who went to church to hear mass. They complained, not exactly of the decline of an art, as yet too young and too imperfect to have had time to become corrupted; but of the fact, that the contrapuntal style had killed the old church song, and that it no longer suffered them to hear the words of the ritual, for mere fugues, imitations, and other canonical games, in which they were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. Such an art, great as was its worth in the eyes of judges of the fine arts, was manifestly perverted in its application; and hence, the unharmonious Gregorian Chant, which represents church music in the state of nature, must have appeared to deserve the preference before the other.

The style of composition, which called forth such just complaints, might also have given occasion for other grievances. Apart from the wrong done by the canonists to the words, the music itself failed in all its duties towards the religious acts it clothed; but on that score neither the churchman, nor the composer, nor any one else could trouble himself at that time. The proper verdict would have lain against the *character* of the music, and the music of that time possessed no character; it would have been asking of the harmonico-mathematical science something, which only the poetico-musical art could have afforded; and this art was as yet unknown. Expression did not as yet exist, or, if it were to be found anywhere, it could only be in execution. In the arrangement of the notes you could not see a shadow of it.

*Unmeaningness*,—that is the most distinguishing and general character of this second period of music, which includes a cycle of about three hundred years, beginning with the oldest monuments of written counterpoint, and ending with Palestrina, the

first of the expressive composers. It was the time of the Gallo-Belgian Supremacy, which was founded and maintained through several generations of contrapuntists, of whom Dufay, Ockenheim, Josquin, and Willaert were the masters, heads, and representatives. A series of uninterrupted advances corresponds in fact with the tolerably regular chronological intervals, which separate these four reigns of the oldest musical dynasty which Europe has acknowledged. We might divide it, therefore, into different epochs, as the historians did and have to do; but, from our point of view, which is not theirs, the dates and names and steps of progress indicate nothing but the continued development of one and the same period. Whatever difference of knowledge may have existed between a Dufay and a Josquin, a far more striking similarity unites them in the eyes of the moderns. We place them both in the same category because, in fact, neither one nor the other deserved the name of musician. With them the musical sense resided somewhere else than in the recognition of the ear; for they sought it outside, or irrespective, of harmony, melody and rhythm. They thought they could combine notes, as we combine numbers; and, instead of that, they arranged the notes like the words of an unknown tongue, observing certain rules about their number and their symmetry, so as to suit the eye; a proceeding, which must have seemed absurd to the plain understanding of people at the time when it was practised, but now no longer so, since we know how to appreciate even its remotest consequences. This manifestly idle labour, whose first results were so insignificant, so barbarous, and so Gothic—to use the terms of the historians—was in reality no other than a labour of learning or deciphering, to which the contrapuntists applied themselves with all zeal, without knowing the results laid up in the future. God only knew them. Through the necessity of using the unintelligible words of the musical language in every manner of transposing, inverting, grouping and combining them, they gradually won from them the mystery of their meaning; and, after they had once penetrated their sense, this of itself gave the melodic-logical and the harmonic-grammatical constructions, which were henceforward requisite to bring it out. From the jurisdiction of the eyes, music by degrees passed to the too long dormant jurisdiction of the ear; from the state of a mere parasitical plant to the state of poetry. In the sixteenth century music finally became music; for this memorable century pronounced the human mind to be of age!

(To be continued.)

Mr. G. A. OSBORNE.—In the *Gazette Musicale* of last week, and in the *France Musicale* of the week before, it was stated that Mr. G. A. Osborne was elected Honorary Member of the Académie de St. Cécile, at Rome.

YANKEE CHURCH MUSIC.—One Doesticks communicates to the *Detroit Advertiser* the following account of an organ voluntary in one of the churches of New York:—

"Pretty soon music—organ—sometimes grand and solemn, but generally fast and lively enough for a country dance. The player commenced with the *Old Hundred*. At first, majestic as it should be, but soon his left hand began to get unruly among the bass notes, then the right cut up a few monkey shines in the treble; left threw in a large assortment of quavers; right led off with a grand flourish and a few dozen variations; left struggled mournfully to keep up, but soon gave out dead beat, and after that went back to first principles, and hammered away religiously at *Old Hundred* in spite of the antics of its fellow; right struck up a march—marched into a quick-step—quick-step into a gallop; left still kept at *Old Hundred*; right put in all sorts of fantastic extras, to entice the left from its sense of propriety; left still unmoved; right put in a few bars of a popular waltz; left wavers a little; right strikes up a favourite polka; left evidently yielding; right dashes into a jig; left now fairly deserts its colors and goes over to the enemy, and both commence an animated hornpipe, leaving poor *Old Hundred* to take care of itself. At length, with a crash, a squeak, a rush, a roar, and an expiring groan, the overture concluded and service began. With another *varieté* upon the organ, and all the concentrated praise and thanksgiving of the congregation, sung by four people, the service concluded. I thought from the manner of the last performance each member of the choir imagined the songs of praise would never get to heaven if he didn't give them a personal boost in the shape of an extra yell."

This is edifying, to say the least of it.

#### A HOAX ON ALBERT SMITH.

The following invitation to attend the last concert of the New Philharmonic Society was received by Mr. Albert Smith—to his great astonishment, since the "Philharmonics" and "Sacred Harmonics" were never much in his line, and, as all the world knows, he greatly prefers a red herring to a symphony:—

*Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, 23 April, 1855.*

SIR—I am directed by the Concert Committee to offer for your acceptance the accompanying card, and to express their earnest hope that you will be able to attend the concert, and to introduce the subject in one of your songs. I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,  
Albert Smith, Esq. OSBORN P. CROSS, Sec.

The form of the ticket, in a handsomely embossed frame, was as underneath:—

#### NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

1855.

EXETER HALL.

THE DIRECTORS REQUEST THE HONOUR OF

*Mr. Albert Smith*

Attending the Performance of the Society, at Exeter Hall, on

*Wednesday the 25th April.*

To this unexpected invitation, Mr. Albert Smith sent the subjoined reply:—

12, Percy-street, Bedford-square.  
April 24, 1855.

Mr. Albert Smith presents his compliments to the Committee of the Hospital for Consumption, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of a ticket for the concert. But the Committee appear to have forgotten that he must close "Mont Blanc," to be present; and that his songs are no more vehicles for puffing, than consumption is a subject for comic treatment.

Perhaps a more original *quet-à-pens* was never attempted to be palmed off on the celebrated climber of mountains. Mr. Smith, once in Exeter Hall, and in the midst of the Ninth Symphony, would have found himself in a regular *cul-de-sac*. He escaped, however, with that quickness of invention for which he is justly noted.

MADAME GASSIER.—*The Spectator* says—"Mad. Gassier is a pretty singer and pleasing actress, reminding us a good deal of Marie Cabel." We agree with the first clause in the verdict of our contemporary; but not with the last. Mad. Gassier bears about as much resemblance to Marie Cabel as to Mr. Robson, of the Olympic.

HERR REICHARDT is engaged to sing at the next concert of the Old Philharmonic Society. A symphony, by Mr. Lucas, will be performed on this occasion—the memorable one in B flat, of the Society of British Musicians.

LOVER v. DAVIDSON.—Mr. Samuel Lover has obtained an injunction from Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood against Mr. Davidson, the music publisher, to restrain him from publishing the words of the "Low-backed Car," of which Mr. Lover is the author. The Vice-Chancellor, in granting the injunction, said that, "Some doubt had been thrown in the late decision, *Boosey v. Jefferys*, on the case of an English author residing abroad first publishing in a foreign country; but nothing was said as to an English author resident in this country first publishing abroad. Mr. Lover set up no claim to the music, but only to the words of the 'Low-backed Car,' and as such he was registered at Stationers' Hall." (!)

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS is putting on its best face, and never since the world began was there such whitewashing, cleaning, scrubbing, painting, and furbishing as we have had for a fortnight past. Scaffolding and hoarding have disappeared as if by magic; and places long-endured to bill-stickers and cloaks have been cleared away, exposing to view the magnificent buildings, whose progress of erection they had well concealed. The long endured winter promises to leave us at last, and every Parisian is looking forward anxiously to next month, big with the fate of the Exhibition and Sebastopol. The glorious reception you have given the Emperor and Empress has been productive of much good feeling here; and surely, if ever two nations were allied by every tie, material, military, naval, or pecuniary, such are England and France at the present moment. The lodging-house keepers are demanding prices quite fabulous even for attics and fourth-floors back; but they will probably be disappointed, as were the Londoners in 1851; for the Exhibition will certainly not be finished for two months to come, and foreigners will probably postpone their visit until the autumnal equinox, when every English grub becomes a butterfly, and with distended wings and good appetite starts for the Rhine, Switzerland, or Paris. On Monday, April 30th, the vigil of the Exhibition, a grand performance will take place, in the Church of Saint Eustache, of "Te Deum," composed for the occasion by M. Hector Berlioz, who will conduct the orchestra. The executants will number 950: namely, 800 in the chorus, and 150 in the orchestra, which will contain most of the best instrumentalists in Paris. After the "Te Deum," Mr. Henry Smart, who comes from London expressly, will play various selections from Händel on the new organ just built for the church by M. Ducroquet. On the same day the new chapels, painted by some of our best artists, will be thrown open to the public for the first time. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the flags of the various nations will be presented at the altar, and blessed by the Curé of Saint Eustache, and twenty ladies of different nations will make a collection for the Poor. I hear that the picture of the souls in Purgatory, from the pencil of M. Maginot, the friend and pupil of Ingres, is a masterpiece. M. Winterhalter is busily engaged in finishing for the exhibition a picture of the Empress surrounded by her Ladies of Honour, drawn size of life. The subject is one that might inspire a less courtly and less able artist than M. Winterhalter; and if he do it but common justice the effect will be charming.

Considerable discussion arose in the committee on the Budget, respecting a proposition of one of its members. He desired that subventions should be granted to one theatre in each of the large provincial towns of Lille, Rouen, Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse, and Strasbourg, the latter town being, with the exception of Paris, the only one in France whose theatre receives state assistance. This subvention was supported on the ground that the provinces have a fair right to some portion of the national funds so lavishly expended on the theatres of the capital, of whose good fortune they are not a little jealous. The pupils of the various conservatoires might then be sent to make their débuts at those theatres, whereby they would be somewhat prepared for the terrible ordeal of facing a Parisian audience. No result ensued from the discussion; but it is by no means improbable that the large provincial-theatres of France will, ere long, enjoy considerable subventions.

Meanwhile, I believe it is settled that the Italian Opera will be open three times a week during the summer, and that the city of Paris will grant a considerable subvention to the manager who has been bold enough to undertake the speculation, which will probably terminate in a heavy loss.

A new comedy, entitled *Péril en la Demeure*, by M. Octave Feuillet, has just been produced at the Théâtre-Français. M. Feuillet is the author of some volumes of *Proverbes*, whereof the Gymnase, some time ago, chose one for representation with small success. It was called *La Crise*. This time, however, both author and theatre have been more fortunate, for the new comedy was received with strong marks of favour. M. Feuillet

shines rather as an observer of character than as a witty writer; he is a moralist—indeed almost a preacher. He falls into common-place platitudes on the merits of conjugal fidelity, which are applauded by an audience who assume a moral cloak for the nonce; and, after having vehemently cheered every allusion to virtue, in the play, leave their morality at the door, and issue from the theatre with intentions the reverse of chaste or virtuous. The plot of the new comedy is by no means new, but there is a part of an anxious, tender, and affectionate mother, well worked out, and admirably acted by Madame Fix; she and Delannay, Regnier and Provost, are the main supports of the play. The piece is put on the stage with a display and luxury without parallel, and such a *mise-en-scène* was never witnessed at any theatre. The china, furniture, statues, paintings, etc., constitute a drawing-room worthy of the most aristocratic hôtel of the Quartier St. Germain.

A new comedy, by M. Ernest Serret, entitled *Le Bonheur des Riches*, written for and accepted by the Odéon, has been kept for some time in the limbo of the censorship, on account of one of the characters bearing too striking a resemblance to a Minister of State, formerly a banker, and now all powerful in matters dramatic or musical. I hear the difficulties have been arranged, the objectionable passages toned down, and the play will shortly be represented to the Transpontine audience of the Odéon.

The Cirque prepares for the expected strangers the famous *Pilules du Diable*, which has already been produced and reproduced some half-dozen times, but which at each successive revival all Paris rushes to see with unabated interest. It is a piece which suits children of all ages—the full-grown as well as the young, with its scenes of fairy land, wonderful transformations, surprising tricks, pretty ballet, charming *danseuses*, and vivacious clowns.

The Palais Royal is in great force with three new pieces. The first *Pilbox et Friquet*, is an episode in the Crimean war. Pilbox is a sergeant of Highlanders, Friquet a corporal in the Zouaves. They share their food, their tobacco, and other luxuries, and attempt to exchange their ideas in the intervals between fighting. The piece is pleasantly written, without any pretension to plot, but with much kindly feeling and agreeable humour. Our two military friends and a Vivandière comprise the whole *dramatis personæ*. M. Levassor is an admirable representative of the Celt in the garb of old Gael.

*Le Bal des Auvergnats* is a marvellous farce, of which no description is possible. You must see M. Grassot in the character of a water-carrier, and hear M. Brasseur speaking—as though it were natural to him—the most wonderful imaginable *patois*. And then the dance, somewhat unbridled, but full of fun, life, and energy, in which all the characters take part, and wherein they keep up a running accompaniment of personalities more vigorous than choice. An Auvergnat boy had been engaged to play the hurdy-gurdy, which he did with great effect on the first night; but, confounded by the lights and the unaccustomed sight of a boisterous audience on the stage, and a select circle of hearers before the foot-lamps, he became frightened, forgot to retire when the last couplet was sung, and, his retreat being cut off by the curtain which descended behind him, was left alone to receive the applause and congratulations of a delighted public.

Since the Variétés has changed its direction, M. Cogniard, to whom its fortunes are now entrusted, has neglected nothing which may ensure success, and lift it from the depth of mire into which it had fallen. Actors, actresses, authors—all are swept away, and a new *troupe* is in process of organisation.

I see that several of your contemporaries are mistaken in the accounts they give of the changes lately taken place among our leading Feuilletonists. The subject is interesting, and the gentlemen in question rank among the most eminent critics of France. I will, therefore, say, in a few words, of what the changes consist. The theatrical critic for the *Moniteur* during some years past was M. Thierry, a gentleman whose good taste, able criticism, and invariable courtesy are well known. The musical critic for the same ministerial journal during some years has been M. P. A. Fiorentino, who, under the *nom de plume* of A. de Rovray, has, week by week, delighted his readers with



*feuilletons* second to none for wit, humour, good sense, and critical acumen. The musical critic for the *Constitutionnel* was the same M. P. A. Fiorentino; the dramatic critic, M. Lireux, whose pen, light, gay, and airy, could discourse about nothing better than that of any other man in Europe, save, perhaps, the great and immortal Jules Janin, who for some twenty years has never missed a single Monday in the *Journal des Débats*. The musical and dramatic critic of the *Presse* was M. Théophile Gautier, than whom there is no abler writer at present living in France. So much for the past. Now for the changes which have taken place. M. Thierry has left the *Moniteur*, and M. Th. Gautier has supplied his place, so that he is now the dramatic, and M. P. A. Fiorentino, under the signature of A. de Rovray, the musical critic of that journal. M. Lireux has quitted the *Constitutionnel*, and M. Fiorentino assumes his duties, and becomes dramatic as well as musical critic for that paper. M. Nestor Roqueplan succeeds M. Th. Gautier on the *Presse*.

## BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Saturday, Mdle. Johanna Wagner and Mad. Herrenburg-Tuczek bade adieu to the public at the Royal Opera-House, in the opera of *Tancredi*, previous to leaving for their *congé*. The house was densely crowded, and both artists were overwhelmed with applause and *bouquets*. The last concert of the *Frauenverein*, for the benefit of the *Gustav-Adolph-Stiftung*, was brilliantly attended, and went off with *éclat*. Mdle. Johanna Wagner sang (for the last time this season) an air from Herr von Flotow's *Stradella*, Schubert's "Wanderer," and an air from *Sampson*. Herr von Bülow played Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* and a *Polonaise* by Chopin. Stern's *Gesangverein* sang choruses from *Sampson*, and a motet by Mendelssohn. The receipts of the concert must have been considerable, the rooms of the *Sing-academie* being filled to overflowing.

## VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The second opera performed by the Italian Company was *Rigoletto*, in which Herr Sachero and Mad. Lesniewska made their first appearance, as the Duke and Gilda. The gentleman was a failure. Even "La donna è mobile" went without a hand. The lady was more successful, although by no means a first rate artist.

*Il Trovatore* was produced on the fourteenth—produced, not performed. Sig. Bettini, announced for Naurico, after a scene or two, was seized with hoarseness, which could not be concealed. A great portion of the third and fourth act was omitted, and Herr Sachero undertook the air of Naurico behind the scenes, in the fourth act. Signora Bendazzi was Leonora, and Signora Demerie, Azucena. The great event of the week, however, was Rossini's *Mosè*, which was performed in a very satisfactory manner, before a crowded house.

Herr Rubinstein's third concert came off on the 11th. The principal pieces were Beethoven's trio in B flat, a *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, Chopin's *Berceuse*, and "Le Moine," a paraphrase, by Liszt, of the well-known song of Meyerbeer. Herr Rubinstein was assisted in the trio by Herren Hellmesberger and Schlesinger.

On the 15th inst., Herr Alois Hörbiger gave a concert in the k. k. Grosser Redoutensaal, to display the capabilities of an instrument called the *Organo-Harmonium*, which he has invented, and which seems to be composed of the organ and the "phisharmonica." The new instrument did not produce a great sensation.—Miss Arabella Goddard has arrived, and will shortly give her first concert. Public curiosity is raised to a high pitch by the accounts of her success before the critical audiences of Leipzig, Berlin, &c.; but, however great the expectations, I feel sure they will be more than fulfilled. The King of Hanover has presented Herr Heinrich Proch, *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Theatre, with the grand medal for arts and sciences, with the clasp and ribbon.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

POSEN.—A concert has been given for the benefit of the sufferers by the late inundations in this city. The bands of the various regiments quartered here—including those of the 10th and 7th regiments of the line, and of the 2nd regiment of hussars—vied with each other in artistic rivalry. The military bands were reinforced by an orchestra of stringed instruments, chiefly of *dilettanti*.

HAMBURG.—The remains of the Countess Rossi arrived here on the 30th ult., on board a Danish ship.

MUNICH.—The Hofcapelle gave a grand festival in the Odeonsaal, on the 26th ult., Beethoven's birthday, in commemoration of the statue of the great composer, modelled by Mr. Crawford, an American sculptor, being sent to Boston, to be placed in that city. The programme, exclusively from Beethoven, composed the "Fest Overture" in C, a trio from *Fidelio*, march and chorus from *The Ruins of Athens*, the "Sinfonia Eroica," etc. The whole was under the direction of Herr Franz Lachner. Cherubini's *Medea*, with recitatives by Herr Lachner, will shortly be produced.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—At a *soirée* of the pianist, Herr August Buhl, the quartet in F minor by Louis Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia was performed for the first time here. There is a talk of erecting a new theatre. Meanwhile a committee of influential inhabitants has been formed to obtain donations and subscriptions for the re-opening of the old one on the 1st May.

DARMSTADT.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was produced on the 25th ult., with unequivocal success.

CRACOW.—Herr Staudigl terminated his six nights' engagement in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*.

## PARADIES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I was startled by the assertion contained in the numbers of your periodical dated 31st March and 7th April, that Paradies, the composer of the *Sonatas* for Harpsichord,—once so famous, "Was not a man, but a woman."

Being much interested in the music and composers of the eighteenth century, I was desirous of ascertaining the fact. I beg now to submit that you are in error. The composer of the *Sonatas* was *Pietro Domenico Paradies*—a Neapolitan; born at the early part of the eighteenth century. Gerber, in his *Lexicon*—spells his name *Paradies*; Fétis, in his *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, *Paradisi*; Chorn and Fayolle, in their *Dictionnaire Historique*, *Paradis*.

He retired from London, where he resided for some time, giving lessons on the harpsichord, composing sonatas, etc., to Venice, where, in 1792, he was still living at a very advanced age.

In the British Museum will be found a folio volume containing "The favourite Songs in the Opera called *Phæton*"—composed by *Pietro Domenico Paradies*, and published by Walsh in 1747.

His name is thus spelt on six consecutive pages. It is certain that Madlle. Maria Theresa Paradies, of Vienna, although a talented composer of operas and sonatas, was not the author of the sonatas which the young Mozart played in Paris and in London, and to which Dr. Crotch alludes in his third vol. of *Specimens*.

In justice to Pietro Domenico, you will no doubt make these facts known to your subscribers.

I am, sir,

Your very obedient servant,

CHARLES SALAMAN.

[The following is a translation of what M. Fétis says of the other *Paradies*.—Ed. M.W.]

"Paradisi, Peter Dominick, and not *Paradies*, as Gerber writes the name, a composer and harpsichord-player, was born at Naples, in the early part of the eighteenth century. He was a pupil of Porpora's, and was one of the most profound musicians of the Neapolitan school of his time. His most noted operas are:—1st, *Alessandro in Persia*, played at Venice in 1738; 2nd, *Decreto del fato*, 1739; 3rd, *Le Muse in gara*, a cantata produced at the Conservatory of the *Mendicanti*. At a later period Paradisi resided in London, where he gave lessons on the harpsichord, and published some sonatas, of which an edition appeared at Amsterdam in 1770. On his return to Italy, Paradisi established his residence at Venice, where he still lived in 1792, at an advanced age."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**WINDSOR CASTLE.**—We cannot insert any letter on this, or, indeed, any other subject, unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer—in confidence, of course. The author of the letter signed "Truth," was not the gentleman whom our anonymous correspondent suspects; nor can we afford him any information on the subject. It is somewhat cool on the part of a correspondent, who conceals his own name, to ask us to furnish him with that of another.

**ERRATUM.**—In the letter of our Paris correspondent (page 246) the new opera of *La Cour de Célimène* is inadvertently attributed to M. Adolphe Adam "of the Institute," instead of to M. Ambroise Thomas "of the Institute." There are so many insignificant members of the French "Institute," that it is no wonder they should occasionally be confounded.

**AN ADMIRER OF "JEWISH" MUSIC.**—We believe that Mr. Buxton, representing the house of Ever and Co. (Oxford-street), made the liberal offer of £2,000 for the remaining MSS. of Mendelssohn, which were to be submitted to a committee of the most eminent English musicians. The offer was declined! The symphony in C minor is "No. 13," in the composer's own catalogue. One would think that Mr. Paul Mendelssohn and the four active gentlemen at Leipzig, were agents for Wagner, and the "Music of the Future."

**FIDDLER.**—When we last read of SIG. BAZZINI, he was giving concerts at Nürnberg.

**FAST.**—"Fast" is too fast. The new version to our National Anthem was not written by MR. WILLIAM HALE. We have been informed that it was the joint production of the Editors of *Diogenes*. The first line ("Emperor and Empress") struck MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, in the Champs Elysées, on seeing their Majesties pass in an open carriage. The sixth line ("England and France combined") was suggested by MR. AUGUSTUS MAYHEW, by the alliance of the great Western peoples. The last line ("God save the Queen") was improvised by MR. ROBERT BROUGH in a happy moment of inspiration. MR. HALE corrected the stanzas when completed; that is all.

**ANTI-FUTURE.**—The London correspondent of the New York Musical Gazette, is Professor Praeger, of Hamm. The Paris correspondent of the New York Musical Gazette, is Professor Praeger, of Hamm. His duties require him to be ubiquitous; and he writes from Paris and London at the same moment. His London signature is *Trois Etoiles*; his Paris signature is *Plauderein*. His real name, in full, is *Plauderein Dreisterner Praeger von Hamm*. He praises Wagner to the skies, both from London and Paris, and pitches into Costa, Judaism, and the Times ("foi de Barnum!!") both from Paris and London. He says, the Post perfectly agrees with him about Richard Wagner being "The conductor of whom musicians have dreamed when they sought for perfection hitherto unbelieved"—"Foi de Barnum!"

**ANTIQUARIAN.**—We cannot supply "Antiquarian" with all the information he requires, but possibly, the following, which is a copy of the licence granted to Mr. Benedict for the first concert he ever gave in this country, may aid our correspondent in his inquiries:—"I do hereby give leave and licence unto Monsieur Jules Benedict to have a concert of vocal and instrumental music performed for his benefit at the Concert Room of the King's Theatre, in St. James's, Haymarket, within the liberties of Westminster, on the morning of Wednesday, the 15th day of July next. Given under my hand and seal, this 27th day of June, 1835, in the sixth year of His Majesty's reign. CONYNGHAM, Lord Chamberlain."

**NAPLES.**—The King of the Two Sicilies (King Bomba) has ordered the representations of a French *troupe* of comedians to be suppressed in his capital. Napoleon III. might fairly retort upon this impertinence of the *roitelet* Ferdinand—whose dereliction to champagne and despotism makes him an abject slave to the policy of King Cléopâtre and the Czar—by abolishing Italian Opera in the metropolis of France.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28TH, 1855.

## NOTICE.

IN consequence of an unusual press of matter, the notice of the New Philharmonic and other concerts, several reviews, leading articles, and other papers of interest, must unavoidably stand over. The drama of *Lohengrin* (which has been translated expressly for the *Musical World*, by one of the most learned and accomplished German scholars in this country) will be concluded in our next.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of *Fidelio*, on Saturday, did not attract a very numerous attendance—although the state box and decorations were permitted to remain—nor did those who were present exhibit any unusual enthusiasm for Beethoven or Mdille. Jenny Ney. A more phlegmatic audience, in short, never assembled in a theatre. Mr. Costa's magnificent band, the soul-stirring music, the powerful appeals of Leonora, the pretty coqueteries of Marcellina, the rugged sympathy of Rocco, the blood-thirsty phrenzy of Pizarro, the despair and anguish of Florestan—one and all were inefficient to excite emotion. And yet the performance was better than on Thursday, when, even in presence of the Queen and her Imperial guests, the audience occasionally applauded. But enough! With respect to Mdille. Jenny Ney, we found no reason to modify the opinions we have already expressed.

The subject of the new ballet, *Eva*—the invention of Mr. A. Harris—is supernatural. Karl, a young student, is about to be married to Eva. Eva dies suddenly; but Karl's heart is not broken; on the contrary he finds another Eva, to whom he is on the eve of being wedded, when Mephistopheles, envious of his happiness and desirous of his soul—he might have been sure of it—restores Eva to life, and induces her, by threats and promises, to assist him in his designs. Eva, however, relents, and, in the end, the devil is "sold," and dismissed to the nether regions. Karl and Bertha (the new Eva) are united, and Eva ascends to the skies—which shows that Mr. Harris does not believe in purgatory. On the Thursday previous, the Royal party absorbed all attention; and few remained to welcome Fanny Cerito—one of the most fascinating and accomplished daughters of Terpsichore—on the occasion of her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. Time was—in the days of the *Pas de Quatre*—no quantity of Emperors and Empresses would have cast Cerito in the shade. But the Past is blotted out, and the Present goes unheeded. Are there not Wagners in more ways than one? May there not be Dancing as well as Music for the Future? On Saturday Cerito was indisposed and instead of *Eva*, *L'Etoile* was given.

On Tuesday, *Fidelio* was announced for the third time, but was abandoned for *Il Conte Ory*, which Her Majesty had signified her desire to hear. The fourth performance was as good as the third—better it could hardly have been—and the audience, each successive representation unfolding new beauties, were more delighted than before. This time, there was no disposition to leave the theatre before the ballet. Every one remained to see Cerito, who appeared in the first scene, the same Hebe-like creature, the same joyous, bounding, exuberant spirit, that was wont, years gone by, to hold captive hearts and eyes at Her Majesty's Theatre. Time has caressed, not changed her. Fanny Cerito is younger than before; her powers are unimpaired, as was manifest when she leapt from the tomb, and, casting off her veil, displayed a face radiant as the moon, beaming with grace and animation. How paint in words those fawn-like springs, those twinkling steps, those whirling evolutions—as of Caliph Vathek in the Hall of Eblis, undergoing his punishment—those natural poses and gestures



full of meaning? How convey the *meaning* of her feet? How catch, on paper, the sunbeam of her smile? How—indeed? We shall leave it to the imagination of our readers. Let them picture an ever restless and unquiet dryad, a wood nymph impossible to follow, much less to lay hold of, an embodied joy, a bit of sunshine that will keep getting in your eyes, and they will have realized something, though not “Cerito,” whose advent to the Royal Italian Opera should be a *fête* to the faithful.

Mlle. Battalini filled the part of Bertha with excellent effect, and exhibited more than ordinary talent on more than one occasion. M. Desplaces was the student, Karl, and Mr. W. H. Payne, Mephistophiles. This last part, or rather sketch of a part, was played to perfection. The make-up was inimitable. The *ballet* is got up splendidly, and the dresses and decorations are gorgeous and effective. The scenery, by Mr. W. H. Beverley, is beautiful; the band of *coryphées* charming; and, in short, the whole gives fair promise of the *retour de Terpsichor*.

Ernani was given on Thursday, for the purpose of introducing Sig. Graziani as Don Carlos, a part which appears to suit all sorts of singers, even Alboni and Gardoni having played it, although it was ostensibly written for a barytone. Sig. Graziani is a young singer, of whom there has been good report. To sum up his qualifications: he has one of the finest barytone voices ever heard—rich, sonorous, mellow, and sympathetic—but is by no means a finished artist. That he occasionally produced a great effect, must be attributed exclusively to his voice, which cannot be heard without gratification. Sig. Graziani has merit as a singer, and “vocalises” with care; but in identifying his voice with the emotion of the mind he is deficient. With such physical gifts as his, however, it will be Sig. Graziani’s own fault if a successful career does not await him.

The general cast was admirable. Madame Bosio was Elvira; Signor Tamberlik, Ernani; and Signor Tagliafico, Don Silva; while the subordinate parts were sustained by Signors Polonini, Soldi, etc. Madame Bosio is hardly so much at home in the *opera seria* as in *opera buffa*; but her singing is so brilliant, so finished, so full of charm, as to disarm exception. On Thursday night, in every scene she created a “sensation.” The well-known “Ernani, involami,” a prodigious display of vocal dexterity, was loudly encored. In the *finale* to the first and third acts, the ringing quality of Madame Bosio’s voice were well matched with that of Signor Tamberlik, and the effect was powerfully exciting.

Signor Tamberlik is the best Ernani we have seen. His powerful voice is able to cope with the exacting music of Signor Verdi; but his genuine taste and fervid expression confer a charm which does not belong to it intrinsically. We need not specify points in so well-known a performance; Signor Tamberlik acted as finely as he sang, and his whole performance was beyond reproach. The Don Silva of Signor Tagliafico was, as usual, with this excellent artist, carefully and artistically developed. His make-up was perfect, and his bearing and deportment exactly indicated the haughty and indomitable Castilian. The last scene was acted in a manner worthy of Tamburini or Ronconi. Besides the encore awarded to Madame Bosio, the *finale* to the third act—magnificently sung by Madame Bosio, Signors Tamberlik, Graziani, Tagliafico, and the chorus—was recommended with enthusiasm.

The *ballet* of *Eva* followed, and Mlle. Cerito appeared for the third time.

SIGNOR LORENZO (barytone), from Her Majesty’s Theatre, gave a *Matinée Musicale*, at 76, Harley-street, on Thursday, and was honoured with a crowded and fashionable audience. He sang several duets with Mad. Lorenzo (who has a very pretty soprano voice) to the general satisfaction. The other artists were Mlle. Jenny Bauer (lately *prima donna* at Drury Lane), Sig. Susini, and Herr Reichardt. The latter was warmly applauded in a song by Angelina. Mad. Gräver produced great effect in a piano fantasia, and played a duo concertante with Mr. Goffrie (violin). They were both very successful. Herr Kettenus played a well-written violin solo, of his own composition, with great skill.

## ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.

EVERYBODY knows how difficult it is to obtain an efficient, not to say, a complete cast for the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, while two good singers will carry *La Sonnambula* through triumphantly. The performance on Monday night, at Drury Lane, of *Il Barbiere*, though more and better singers were indispensable, was, nevertheless, far superior to that of *La Sonnambula*. Rosina is better suited to the capabilities of Madame Gassier than Amina, and M. Gassier, in Figaro, has greater opportunities of exhibiting his talents than in Rodolpho. The music of Almaviva does not require the same force and energy as that of Elvino; and, on that account, Signor Bettini’s Count proved more satisfactory than his Peasant. Thus three important characters were adequately filled. But Doctor Bartolo and Don Basilio are also important parts, and, if possible, first-rate artists should fill them. The directors were at least enabled to avail themselves of the services of two efficient singers in Signor Susini (Doctor Bartolo), and Signor Fortini (Don Basilio)—both from the Royal Italian Opera; and this was another advantage. In the small part of Bertha, Mlle. Martini made tolerable use of a small voice, and gave the quaint song, “Cerca Moglie,” quaintly. We have seen, in short, at Italian theatres of high reputation, many performances of *Il Barbiere* affording less pleasure, and fewer occasions for praise.

Although Madame Gassier has a high *soprano* voice, while the music of Rosina is for a *mezzo-soprano*, she did not depart farther from the text than she was warranted by the example of justly-renowned singers, such as Persiani, Viardot, and Bosio, or than her peculiar resources made inevitable. No doubt that Grisi and Alboni, who sing the music almost textually, are right, and all the others who do not are wrong; but, if anything can extenuate the alteration of such music, it is the impossibility of singing it as it is written. This is the case with Madame Gassier, as it has been with so many others, and she changed and ornamented accordingly, and that with exceeding cleverness. Madame Gassier’s singing was from first to last extremely brilliant and effective. “Una voce” was embroidered à l’outrance with *flouriture* of the most fanciful kind, which, however they might have astonished Rossini, produced an immense sensation among the Drury Lane audience. Some of Madame Gassier’s high notes—the highest, more particularly, B, C, and D—are like “points of light,” as was said of Paganini’s, on the violin. They are moreover exquisitely in tune. In this respect, indeed, Madame Gassier is almost irreproachable. The duet, “Dunque io son” was still more daring and erratic; the text was abandoned *in toto*; but, so surprisingly neat and facile was Mad. Gassier’s execution, that the audience were in raptures and applauded vehemently. In the trio, “Ah! qual Colpo,” when the composer makes the violins imitate certain vocal passages, the changes introduced by Madame Gassier were less fortunate, and, in short, not in good taste; but this by the way. The echo in the Irishman’s garden, which, to the question, “How are you, Paddy Blake?” retorted, “Purty well, I thank you, sir,” gives some idea of their irrelevancy. The last movement, “Zitti, Zitti,” however, was sung to perfection, and deservedly encored. The greatest feat was the lesson-song—a slow movement, and *rondo à la valse*, by some unknown Genoese composer (say Venzona) which was introduced last season by Madame Bosio at the Royal Italian Opera. This elicited an encore as well merited as it was enthusiastic. The facility with which Mad. Gassier executed rapid passages and difficult divisions, the purity of her high notes, the strength and equality of her shake, the intonation throughout, and the charm of the voice itself, combined to enchant the audience, and the triumph of the singer was complete. We need say nothing of the “bouquets.”

M. Gassier made a capital Figaro. His voice, a high barytone, is well adapted to the music, and, though naturally hard, he has made it flexible and mellow by practice. M. Gassier sings the music fluently, and with a thorough appreciation of its character. Except in one or two places, for which he has the precedent of Ronconi, he adhered scrupulously to the text. There was much

to admire in the performance of the French barytone, more especially in the *ensembles*, which received great benefit from his voice and singing. With the music he is as familiar as the Italians, and his acting is bustling and animated. "Largo al factotum" was well sung, and established the pretensions of M. Gassier as a *buffo*. He is deficient in humour, and his features are not expressive; but he in some degree makes up for this by his spirit and activity.

The Bartolo of Signor Susini and the Basilio of Signor Fortini were creditable performances. The former introduced the fine air "Vi Consiglio"—so often omitted by Signor Lablache, and would have sung it better but for a cold. Signor Fortini gave "La Calunnia" well, but would do better if he attempted less. His conception is good, but he should keep within bounds. Let him take up some hundred fewer *poses plastiques* and he will improve his version. There was much to praise in Signor Bettini. Without breadth of voice—which was particularly exemplified in the first movement of the *cavatina*, "Ecco ridente"—its pleasing quality, and its correct intonation were effective in many parts of the opera. We might instance the duettino, "Pace, gioia," commencing the second act, and the trio, "Ah qual colpo," in which Signor Bettini satisfied everybody. As an actor we cannot praise him highly; in the *finale* to Act I. he makes Count Almaviva, instead of a gentleman feigning to be drunk for a purpose, a mountebank.

Mr. Tully, the conductor, exerted himself with his accustomed zeal.

Madame Gassier was recalled at the end of each act, and came forward with all the others.

The house was crammed in every part, and we have not the least doubt that, with such a cast, and such a *prima donna*, the *Barbieri* will prove a substantial "hit." It was repeated on Wednesday and last night.

#### ENGLISH OPERA AT THE HAYMARKET.

It is gratifying to know that English Opera is not entirely defunct. By English Opera, we do not mean opera restricted to the works of English musicians; but opera by English singers, chorus, and band—just as French Opera is so named, not because it is confined to the works of French musicians, but because its performances are in the French tongue. English Opera thus explained, a good sign of its vitality was exhibited on Tuesday evening at the Haymarket, when *Fra Diavolo* was represented in a way to satisfy the most fastidious. The cast comprised Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves as *Fra Diavolo* and *Zerlina*, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss as *Lord* and *Lady Allcash*, while the minor parts were more than respectably filled. The chorus was steady and correct, and the band, though wanting in numerical strength, was efficient. Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam being indisposed, his place, as conductor of the orchestra, was supplied by Sig. Schira, than whom a more able substitute could hardly have been found. The satisfactory nature of the performances was in no small degree owing to this gentleman.

The *Fra Diavolo* of Mr. Sims Reeves is so well-known as to render a minute description superfluous. Next to Edgardo, the Brigand of Terracina is, perhaps, his most admirable assumption. But, as Auber's music is more varied and beautiful than Donizetti's, Mr. Reeves has more opportunities of shining, and takes advantage of them all. As a vigorous and picturesque impersonation, Mr. Sims Reeves's *Fra Diavolo* is entitled to high praise; but his singing even surpasses his acting. He was in magnificent voice. The delicious "Gondolier," and the exquisite "Young Agnes,"—perfect specimens of expressive ballad singing—were received enthusiastically, and the latter unanimously encored. The great point, however, was made in the *scena* (Act III.), where the brigand recalls his exploits and boasts of his vocation. Here the vocal power, dramatic feeling, and energy of the singer, were conspicuously brought into play. It would have delighted and even surprised Auber himself.

Mrs. Sims Reeves is a most attractive *Zerlina*—graceful and unaffected in her acting, and singing not only with artistic ease, but with a true reverence for the music, which she understands thoroughly. The bed-room scene was charming. The song at

the dressing-table (as captivating as the singer in her simple *deshabille*) was perfectly natural, and could not have been given with a prettier expression.

Mr. Weiss's fine voice tells with powerful effect in the concerted music. He sang, indeed, famously, and was particularly effective in the quintet (Act I.), and the trio (Act II.)—a perfect gem. Mrs. Weiss is the real *English Lady Allcash*, which Scribe dreamt of when he wrote the part. Nothing can be more easy and *à propos* than her acting, while her execution of the music is remarkably animated and piquant. The capital duet in which the lady and her husband abuse each other could not have gone with more spirit.

The two robbers were assigned to Messrs. W. Farren and Farquharson, both of whom followed stage traditions eagerly. Mr. Farquharson was extremely funny—too funny, indeed, in the bed-room scene, since *Zerlina* is not supposed to be deaf. He sang the parody on her song at the looking-glass with admirable humour, however. The Innkeeper (Mr. Haines) was more like a bandit than like "mine host of the Garter." Lorenzo, the brigadier, was carefully sustained by Mr. Manvers, who sang the ballad "Vainly, alas!" when he takes leave of *Zerlina*, with much feeling.

At the end of the opera, Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves were unanimously recalled, and came on with their companions.

*Fra Diavolo* was repeated on Thursday, and will be given again to-night. *The Bohemian Girl* is to be produced next week, and Mr. Henry Smart's new opera is in active rehearsal. This is good news.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S SOIRÉES.—The third and last performance at St. Martin's Hall was as interesting as either of the others. The room was crowded to suffocation. The first piece was Beethoven's very little-known sonata in F sharp major (Op. 78), the first movement of which is one of the most melodious, and the last one of the most fanciful of its composer. A group of short *morceaux* came next, comprising prelude and allegro, in D minor, from Bach's second *Suite-Anglaise*, which, though not so fine as the first in G minor, is a remarkable specimen of the free style of the great old contrapuntist; a *presto* movement, in A, from Scarlatti's harpsichord lessons, and a famous spirited *gigue*, in D, of Mozart; all of which, like the sonata of Beethoven, were admirably performed by M. Billet, who obtained the most applause, however, in the movement of Scarlatti. The brilliant Fugue in D, and the *Con Moto* in A, from Mendelssohn's *Seven Characteristic Pieces*, have often been played in public by M. Billet, who, on this as on former occasions, proved himself a master of close playing, and undaunted by the *tempo prestissimo*. Both movements were loudly applauded, as usual. Mendelssohn's pianoforte music, when properly executed, never fails to be effective. The last performances of the concert-giver were his own fantasia on the quartet in *I Puritani*—of which we have already spoken in our notice of a previous concert—and Stephen Heller's fascinating caprice on Schubert's "Song of the Trout." The grand duet of Moscheles, in E flat (Op. 47), was played by M. Billet with his very clever and promising young pupil, Miss Amelia Taylor—an Arabella Goddard *en herbe*, we trust—to the great delight of the audience, who called her forward, with her excellent professor, at the conclusion. Miss Amelia Taylor had the post of honour, and performed her part of the duet with remarkable brilliancy and power. There was some vocal music by Misses Bleaden and Palmer, ably accompanied by Herr Wilhelm Ganz on the pianoforte.

A DUTY ON ARTISTS.—As some protection against the numbers of foreign musicians who are now flocking to the United States, the Government, according to a German contemporary, has imposed a tax of 400 dollars, which every foreign artist must pay before he can appear in public.

MADLIE ST. MARC.—This young pianist gave a concert in Paris, at the Salle Herz, the week before last. The brothers Escudier are in raptures with her. She performed a trio by Mendelssohn, with MM. Braga and Fournier, and Leopold de Meyer's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Madlle. St. Marc returns immediately to Holland.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## MR. ANDERSON AND THE MESSRS. CHIPP.

Carlton Chambers, 8, Regent-street, 25th April, 1855.

SIR,—Mr. Anderson has called our attention to the letters of Messrs. Chipp which have recently appeared in your columns, and your remarks on those letters; and lest further silence on Mr. Anderson's part might be unfavourably construed, we beg to state that he is quite prepared to prove in the proper quarter that the letters alluded to are a tissue of misrepresentations from beginning to end.

Mr. Anderson cannot deal with insinuations, but any direct accusations that may be brought against him he is ready to meet.

Acting under our advice, Mr. Anderson considers it altogether unnecessary to have recourse to a Public Journal to expose the mis-statements, and refute the calumnious reports, that have been so maliciously circulated against him.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

DU PASQUIER AND TREMLETT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

## MR. BEST, THE ORGANIST.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Is it true that Mr. Best has retired (??) from St. Martin's? If it is, can you inform me (as well as a large number of your readers) the reason why? Rumour assigns various and manifold reasons.

Your obedient servant,

City, 26th April, 1855.

ENQUIRER.

## MANCHESTER GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—May I ask what has become of the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club? They advertised for a prize glee, under certain conditions, about six weeks since, and I, among (I suppose) many others, sent a glee for four male voices; but have not heard one word of who was the successful competitor. Perhaps, you can inform me.

I am, your obedient servant,

O.

[Perhaps some of our readers may supply the required information.—ED.]

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The last concert of the season was attended by an overflowing audience. The principal artists were Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mad. Amedei, Madlle. Jenny Bauer, M. Barret (oboe), Mr. A. Carder, Mr. Miranda, Mr. Farquharson, and Mr. Frank Mori (Conductor). Mrs. Sims Reeves sang, in a very artistic manner, "Robert, toi que j'aime," and a song (with oboe accompaniment, charmingly played by M. Barret), composed by Mr. Waly. She also pleased greatly in Frank Mori's "Solo Quartet," "The Vintagers' Evening Song." Mr. Sims Reeves was enthusiastically encored in "All is lost," and serenade from *Fra Diavolo*, "Young Agnes," both of which he sang to perfection. Madlle. Jenny Bauer was encored in a new ballad, composed expressly for her, by Mr. Frank Mori, called "Mind you that," which she gave with the sly expression suggested by the words. With so good a soprano voice, and such evident dramatic feeling, this young lady ought to rise in her profession. She was also much applauded in a *bolero* of Dessauer, and in "Deh vieni," from *Le Nozze*. Mad. Amedei sang, with great taste, Mozart's "Addio," and was encored in "Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" in place of which she substituted "Il Segreto." "The Brothers," a very effective duet, by Mr. Macfarren, was extremely well sung by Messrs. Miranda and Farquharson, and unanimously redemanded. Mr. Miranda also sang, with much energy, "Scots wha hae," and was encored, with Madlle. Jenny Bauer, in the duet "Oh, Maritana." Mr. A. Carder showed talent in certain organ solos, and M. Barret played a *fantasia* for the oboe, on the theme of "Jenny Jones," with a pure rich tone and perfect execution.

BRADFORD.—The Sisters, well known under the names of "Sophia" and "Annie," gave a concert on Monday evening, in St. George's Hall; the attendance was not numerous. The Sisters, however, afforded great satisfaction to all present.

## DRAMATIC.

DRURY LANE.—We were taken by surprise on finding that the whole dramatic corps of the Gaité had been, as it were by magic, transplanted to Drury Lane. Remembering the riots that took place but a few years ago, when an attempt was made to naturalize one of M. Alexandre Dumas' most stirring interminable melodramas on the boards, we had misgivings as to the result, which were happily not realised. The audience assembled on Saturday last, on the contrary, bent on making the *amende honorable*, applauded everything and everybody. True, we saw almost as many French as English in the theatre, and, when the French applauded, the English echoed them with right good will, and, when these laughed, those laughed—*de confiance*. The *entente cordiale* was complete.

Unity of time, place, and action was discarded in the drama. All was sacrificed to effect, and the great event of four times was turned to account with considerable tact by our dramatic visitors. Events were lugged in and made to bear on the action, which had never been contemplated by Messrs. Arnault and Judicis, when they cooked up *Les Cosaques* for a belligerent and patriotic multitude in Paris. The assistance afforded to the rioters, in Act IV., by English soldiers, for example. How they came there we cannot imagine; but, being there, the English flag was a matter of course, the fraternal accolades took place, the *tableau plastique* followed, and "God Save the Queen" resounded amidst the cheers of the audience, followed by "Partant pour la Syrie." A minute analysis of the piece would be impossible. There is a political intrigue for the men, and a love intrigue for the women. The latter comprises the efforts of a Cossack chief to captivate the heart of a young lady beloved by a French officer. The lady's mother, being blind, is deceived by her amanuensis, a Russian slave, who obtains, surreptitiously, her consent to her daughter's marriage with the Russian. Things, however, turn out better than is expected, and, in the fifth act, "all parties" are made as happy as desirable.

There are none of those conflicting emotions in *Les Cosaques* which we expected to find in a drama produced at the Gaité, but we were not less pleased on that account. The love passages are interesting, and were exceedingly well acted. The blind mother was played with much feeling by Mad. Blanchard. Mdlle. Clarisse was an interesting heroine; and Mdlle. Leontine excited great merriment as Marion Borodina, a *ci-devant Vivandière* of the *grande armée*. Among the actors, Messrs. Just and Gouget deserve favourable mention; but the palm must be given to Messrs. Menier and Alexandre, the former an old sergeant, and the second a *conscriit*, who, alternating between the pathetic and the comic, kept the house now in convulsions of laughter, now in a state of breathless excitement. The part of Serjeant Duriveau, almost a new creation, gives considerable importance to the piece, which, in other respects, is not above the ordinary calibre of melodrama. We must not omit to notice, though last not least, the dog, a well-trained brute, that plays his part to perfection.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The profits of the second concert of the New Philharmonic Society enabled the committee to hand over the handsome sum of £324 16s. 6d., to the funds of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of *Elijah* on Friday se'night, though one of the most efficient ever given by the Society, may pass without comment, since the principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, M<sup>rs</sup>as Dolby, Messrs. Loeckey, Sims Reeves, and Formes, whose combined efforts in the interpretation of this great work have been repeatedly enlarged upon and extolled. Last night the first performance for the season of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* took place, with Madame Novello, Madame Rudersdorf, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, and Herr Formes as principals. The Hall was crowded, and the reception of the oratorio was such as to confirm an impression that it is fast making way in the esteem of the Exeter Hall habitués, and is likely to become as popular eventuality as the *Messiah*. But more of this next week. As we had predicted, the *Lobgesung* and *Requiem* are shortly to be repeated.



## MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

(Translated from a Prague Paper.)

MISS GODDARD has given her second concert. The impression produced by this young lady's performances upon her hearers is of such an artistically harmonic and agreeable description, that it is a very difficult task for us to tear ourselves from the agreeable labour of sweet enjoyment. Her elastic, resonant touch, the technical perfection of her performance of melodic passages, the beauty of her song, and the finished purity and elegance of her style, even in its minutest details, hardly allow us to remark the Hellenic repose with which the greatest difficulties are overcome, and the profoundest mysteries of musical mysticism unriddled. The happy, joyous disposition of this graceful daughter of Albion is reflected in her style, obscured by no confused hurry-scurry, and causes us to sympathise with all the beauties of the amiable artist—beauties which she has gained *ex professo*, beyond the limits of well-schooled virtuosity.

## THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE continued success of the Musical Union, which commenced its eleventh season on Tuesday afternoon, the 17th inst., in Willis's Rooms, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience, with an excellent programme, says much for the ability of the aristocratic classes to appreciate the highest order of music. The selection was as below:—

|                         |   |   |   |   |            |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|------------|
| Quartet, B flat, No. 78 | - | - | - | - | Haydn.     |
| Trio, D major, Op. 76   | - | - | - | - | Beethoven. |
| Quintet, G minor        | - | - | - | - | Mozart.    |

Solos, Pianoforte.

The executants were Herr Ernst (first violin), Mr. Cooper (second violin), Mr. Hill (first viola), Herr Goffrie (second viola), Signor Piatti (violinello) and Herr Pauer (pianoforte). On the whole, we think Herr Ernst has not played so finely all the season as on this occasion. The very opposite characters of Haydn's quartet and Mozart's incomparable quintet—the almost primitive character of the one and the eternal youth and passion of the other (composed so nearly at the same period of time)—gave the poet of the violin an opportunity to show the thoroughly eclectic nature of his talent. We can hardly say which was best played; but the quintet of Mozart impressed us infinitely more than the other.

Beethoven's very grand pianoforte trio was admirably performed. We have rarely heard Herr Pauer to more advantage. The two solos were from Mendelssohn and Taubert; the first was the better, and the better played. The Messrs. Cooper, Hill, and Piatti, were just the sort of men to make a quartet, led by Herr Ernst, irreproachable; and Mr. Goffrie was of great service as second viola in the quintet.

Mr. Ella has begun well; and Mr. Hallé's finger being convalescent will make him strong again in pianists, of the dearth of whom he complains in an essay. We could furnish him with some score at a moment's notice, without applying to Herr Lubeck, M. Alexandre Bilet, or Miss A. Goddard, who (as he does not mention their names) are, we presume, not regarded as pianists by the Director of the Musical Union.

**HARMONIC UNION.**—The last concert of the Society was a very fine one. Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and the greater part of his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were admirably performed under the able direction of M. Molique. Among the solo singers was Herr Reichardt, who made his first appearance this season, and sang, not only with his accustomed intelligence, but with a power and freshness of voice that we hardly recognised in him previously. The other soloists, in the two great works above mentioned, were Miss Heywood, Mr. Wallworth, and the improving Miss Stabach who is making great progress in public favour. Herr Molique's splendid violinello concerto was played to perfection by Signor Piatti, for whom, as every one knows, it was expressly composed. The music and the performance created the utmost enthusiasm. Why does not Herr Molique, in the present dearth of good pianoforte music, turn his attention to a pianoforte concerto?

## HERR WAGNER—ANOTHER OPINION.

(From the Morning Post.)

IN a book entitled *Kunst-werk der Zukunft*, replete with imagination and eloquence, Herr Richard Wagner explains his ideas of art generally. He says here so many things "novel or strange," that his work might furnish numerous columns to a weekly contemporary, in whose broad sheet a quantity of information regularly appears under the above heading. He thinks the sister arts of dancing (not mere *capering*, but the art of gesture in its highest sense), music, and poetry, originally combined by the ancient Greeks, should never have been separated; for this unnatural proceeding rendered impossible that greatest of works, the drama, which united all the modes of expression in one living picture of human life, where each illustrating the other, all could be easily understood by the people (taking this word in its most comprehensive significance), whose senses and sympathies were thus acted upon simultaneously. That to revive true art, which is to be the mission of the future artist, the cold monumental beauties of sculpture, the special forms and science of music, together with that style of so-called dramatic poetry which, merely displaying acquired learning, dealing with metaphysical subtleties or abstract reasonings, admits not of combination with the sister-arts, must give place to such vital realities as can only be produced by the combination of demonstrative gesture—music based upon the exigencies of tonal expression, and literature whose words are called forth by the requirements of dramatic action, or well-up from the heart as the necessary and immediate manifestation of thought, sentiment, or emotion, and coloured by all the graces of intonation and vocal inflexion. Separated, says Herr Wagner, these arts are egotistical and incomprehensible to the many; united, they are universal and easily understood. In the former of these states they are the property of a selfish few, in the latter, that of human nature generally. Thus, celebrated modern dancers, like Carlotta Grisi, Ellsler, Rosati, etc., are mere deformed posture-mistresses—wretched *figurantes*, whose only object is to please a depraved multitude by vulgar displays of agility and fascinations of doubtful decency—creatures of heartless luxury, whose performances have no intellectual purpose, no psychological expression, and are, therefore, unnatural, unnecessary, and unartistic. The art of double counterpoint, fugue, and canon is a mere mathematical sport of the understanding—music playing egotistically with itself—and those who excelled in it (nearly all the greatest masters), were, in this respect at least, mere selfish cunning tricksters, whose proceedings bore a strong affinity to the shrewd reckonings of Hebrew speculators in the money market.

Dramatic poets are supremely ridiculous when they write unactable plays, only fit to be read; and Göthe's *Faust*, driven from the stage by metaphysics, prolixity, and a poodle, affords a striking illustration of this. Art, says Herr Wagner, is not a product of art—it cannot be taught *ex cathedra*—it grows out of the requirements of civilisation, as civilisation emanates from the exigencies of social man, and stands in the same relation to him that he does to general nature. As man's mind is but the conscious reflection of general nature, and all his true ideas can only be impressions derived from her, so should the true, universal work reproduce these reflected impressions, and be a complete picture of the man himself. Seeking and comparing, imply error; and it is only when the man no longer chooses, but impelled by internal necessity abandons himself to the immediate and natural expression of his ideas, that he is a real artist. If he feel this necessity, he will have something new to tell us—if not, he had best be silent, for arbitrary custom or unnatural abstraction will rule his thoughts, and his work, however skilful, will be egotistical, unnecessary, and meet with no genuine sympathy from the many. The great masters of past times were all necessary (though erroneous in their principles) for they were so many links in the great chain of events; and the gradual progress expressed in their works has led up to the brilliant present, begun by Beethoven and to be continued by Herr Wagner, who proposes to re-unite the three art-sisters. Although we dissent altogether from many of the doctrines here set forth, it were most unjust not to recognise, in the author of the *Kunst-werk der Zukunft*, an original thinker, full of conscientious earnestness and poetical fancy; and we, therefore, give him that respectful attention which intellect and honesty of purpose should always command. To judge a composer like Herr Wagner in *ex pede Herculis* fashion, would indeed be unfair; and we can only wonder that a gentleman, who sets out with the principle that the only perfect rule is that which embraces the mimetic, musical, and dramatic elements, should expose himself to such misconception as must infallibly arise from a performance of his operatic productions in the concert-room, where they must necessarily be deprived of two of their essential properties,

and depend only upon one which, according to his own theory, should never stand alone. We must, however, speak of things as we find them, and shall, therefore, endeavour to do as much justice as possible to the works given on this occasion, under what must be considered disadvantageous circumstances. The selection made from our author's compositions was a scene belonging to the opera of *Lohengrin*, the *Knight of the Grail*, the words of which, no less than the music, are from the pen of Herr Wagner.

In one respect the music disappointed us. We expected to find it highly, if not extravagantly original, but failed to remark this quality which, in the latter, even more than the former degree, has been given to it by rumour. We observed no marked individuality of style in the score, no epoch-making innovations, such as the very original literary works of the composer had taught us to look for, but, instead, a succession of very brilliantly instrumented pieces, which contained nothing strikingly new either in rhythm, harmony, or orchestral arrangement. It has been said elsewhere that Herr Wagner's theories have merely been framed to suit his creative abilities; if so, the latter were certainly not by when they were measured, for a worse fit do we not remember to have seen. A great deal of this music is excessive and needlessly luxurious in mere loudness and meretriciousness of sound, as the unhappy dancers whom he castigates so unmercifully are in show; and it assuredly contains as much that is "unnecessary" and "customary," as any modern production with which we are acquainted. Herr Wagner, however, condemns his own music more than we are disposed to do; for, as we have said, it has very great merit in respect of instrumentation, and is also highly dramatic in character, and expressive of the words and action it is meant to illustrate. Strikingly original, however—like, for instance, that of Berlioz—it most certainly is not.

The best part of this selection was the introduction, the clear and beautiful scoring of which betokens an amount of strictly musical "knowledge," and mere "science," which we cannot but wonder the author of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, ever condescended to acquire. But Herr Wagner has deigned to learn even more than this, for we understand that he knows the scores of the great though erroneous masters by heart, and can direct a rehearsal of their "progressive" works perfectly well without referring to them. The selection from *Lohengrin*, very favourably received by a highly critical and, we may add, somewhat prejudiced audience, left the impression, at least upon us, that Herr Wagner is a very clever though not a great composer.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—The concerts under Mr. Hullah's direction, owing to the reasonable price of admission, and the highly efficient manner in which the oratorios are performed by the members of his Upper Singing Class, attract crowds to the Hall on every occasion. The last oratorio, *Elijah*—in which the solo singers were Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Madame Weiss, Misses Palmer and Freeman, Messrs. Montem Smith, H. Buckland, and Weiss, was quite as well performed, and quite as well received, as *St. Paul*, which conferred such great credit on Mr. Hullah and his vocal and instrumental forces.

**CHORAL AND PART-SINGING.**—New associations for the practice of choral and part-singing among amateurs are springing up in all directions. Besides "meetings for an amateur choral practice," conducted by Miss Dolby and Lindsay Sloper, for the practice of vocal concerted music of the great masters, and Mr. Salaman's choral re-unions at his own residence, Mr. Kingsbury has founded a choral practice society with the same object, and a new vocal association on the plan of the *Berlin Sing-academie* has been instituted by Messrs. Benedict and Henry Smart, from which, if the intentions explained in the prospectus are carried out, great results may be anticipated.

**LOOK AT HOME.**—*The Examiner*, differing from a contemporary, says:—"It would be well if a slight acquaintance with the history of the country to which he is sent were considered a qualification for the correspondent of a newspaper." Differing from *The Examiner* in its musical opinions, we are compelled to suggest that—"It would be well if a slight acquaintance with the subject on which he undertakes to write were considered a qualification for the reporter of a newspaper." The musical critic of the *Examiner* proclaims the magnificent song of Mephistopheles in Spohr's *Faust*, which Mr. Weiss sang at the last Philharmonic Concert a "scant air." (This is something like the "flexible" music of the *Conte Ory*.)

Of Beethoven's easy concerto in B flat (played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper) he says—"The concerto of Beethoven, though neither the most popular nor the best of his three," etc. Now every one knows, or, writing about music, ought to know, that there are five pianoforte concertos of Beethoven published; that the three most known are those in C minor, G major, and E flat major; and that the other early one is in C major. Mozart's air from *Zauberflöte* (sung by Mad. Rudersdorff) is "a senseless *bravura*!" The splendid coda to Spohr's *scena* (in Italian "Si lo vento") is "a ranting conclusion." To wind up—the same critic is very angry because the third vocal piece, "as well as the other two," were sung in German—though they were written all three to German words, and the first was sung in Italian. "It would be well if a slight acquaintance," etc.

#### PROVINCIAL.

**WORCESTER.**—Mr. Friend has opened the new hall with a concert, and the result was satisfactory. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Land, and Mr. F. Bodda, aided by our Choral Society. There were nearly 1000 present.—At the first of the Monday evening concerts there were nearly 400 present. Mr. Haynes opened proceedings with a pedal fugue of Bach on the organ. Mr. Thomas was encored in Schubert's "Wanderer," accompanied on the organ by Mr. Jones. Mrs. Bull, who is engaged for the series, was encored in Stephenson's "Vesper Hymn;" Misses Cooper and Thomas were applauded in a duet by Rossini.—The Reverend Mr. Waite has given a Lecture on Psalmody in the Guildhall, which was listened to with pleasure by an attentive audience.—The Philharmonic Society gave their first concert in the Music Hall, on Friday evening, which was well attended. Miss Clara Henderson and Signor Giulio Regondi were engaged, and the orchestra was under the leadership of M. J. H. D'Egville. The band, among other things, played a new overture, by M. D'Egville, entitled *Sebastopol*, which was well played, and received with much favour. Mr. Jabez Jones was the conductor.

**LIVERPOOL.**—Mr. Charles Mathews has drawn brilliant audiences to the Theatre Royal every evening, and has produced several very amusing pieces for the first time. His engagement terminates to-night, when he plays in three pieces. Next week, Mr. George Vandenhoff and Miss Featherstone commence an engagement.—At the Amphitheatre, *Rob Roy*, and an equestrian spectacle, the *Siege of Mongatz*, have been played. Next week, Mr. Charles Rouselle, who captured the keys of the fortress of Balaklava last autumn, while serving under Marshal St. Arnaud, will perform a variety of feats of strength, which have been witnessed at the Cirque Napoléon in Paris, by the Emperor and Empress of the French.

**HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.**—Mr. Staton gave a concert here for the purpose of assisting to defray the expense of a new organ for the parish church. The programme was well selected, and consisted of *morceaux* by English, German, Italian, and French composers. Mr. Atkinson, who has a good bass voice, sang, among other things, a *Lied* of Schubert's, in which he was much applauded. Miss M. Wells pleased in Donizetti's "Brindisi," while Miss Ransford and Mrs. Mann came in for their share of applause during the evening. Master Greenhill, one of Mr. Staton's choristers, was encored in "By the sad sea waves;" and Mr. Staton executed a piece called *La Chasse*, with great facility; and, with Mr. Blagrove, Beethoven's sonata in F, for piano and violin. Mr. Hayden accompanied the vocal music.

**BREDON.**—A vocal and instrumental concert took place in the large school-room, on Tuesday, April 10, under the superintendence of Mr. Lloyd, which was attended by most of the influential families of the neighbourhood. The principal performers were Mrs. Evans and Mr. J. W. Cooper, of Worcester, Miss M. A. Brydges, Mr. J. T. Horniblow, and Mr. W. T. Matty, of Tewkesbury, Mr. Lloyd, and the Misses Lloyd, of Bredon. The programme consisted of overtures, glees, &c., the whole of which gave satisfaction.

**MANCHESTER.**—(From our own Correspondent.)—A very agreeable entertainment was given at the Town-Hall, on Tuesday evening, by a few friends of Mr. Harris, who got up a concert for the purpose of affording the public an opportunity of hearing

some of his compositions. The room was well filled, at the moderate charge of half-a-crown, which would cover the expenses, the performers being principally amateurs. The first part consisted chiefly of glees, quartets, and choruses, some by a choir of 15 or 16 voices, others 4 or 5 only, varied by tenor songs for *soprano* and bass, and a duet for pianoforte and violin. The second part comprised selections from a MS. opera, the *libretto* (from Shakspeare's *Tempest*) and the music both by Mr. J. Thorne Harris. These selections consisted of an *aria* (bass) for Caliban, one (bass) for Prospero, two (one with chorus) (*soprano*) for Miranda, two for Ferdinand (tenor), three (two with chorus) for Ariel (*contralto*), and were relieved by a duet for pianoforte and violin, and a pianoforte solo, the whole composed by Mr. Harris. The opening chorus, "Memory's Tears," was nicely sung, and made a good impression. The tenor airs were both encored. The song for *soprano*, "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (with *viola obbligato* by Mr. Baetens), was sung with great taste by Mrs. Brooke, one of our local professionals. The instrumental duets were given in masterly style by Mr. J. Thorne Harris, on the pianoforte, and Mr. Baetens on the violin—the solo in the second part was brilliant and pleasing. We were much pleased also with the last chorus in the first part, called, "The Soldier's Farewell." The selections from *The Tempest* went off successfully, the gem of the night being Miranda's song, with chorus (originally composed for Mdlle. Agnes Büry), "Gaily the bright hours fly," charmingly sung by Miss Armstrong. The other admired pieces were the duet for Ferdinand and Miranda, "No task too mean." Prospero's song, with flute *obbligato*, "Heaven bless their youthful love;" Miranda's song, with clarinet *obbligato*, "How blest to dwell;" and the new music to the well-known, "Full, fathom, five," and "Come unto these yellow sands." The whole of these compositions do great credit to Mr. Harris, both for originality and knowledge, and we trust his MS. opera may one day appear on the stage with a fitting company. The exertions of the amateurs and professionals received ample acknowledgment in the applause of the audience, and at the conclusion Mr. Harris was loudly called for.

**LEEDS.**—Masters Appleyard and Giles' Benefit Concert attracted a numerous auditory. They are choristers of our parish church. The other vocalists were Miss Messent, Mdlle. Julie Mouat, Mr. Herbert, and Sig. F. Lablache; and the instrumentalists—Mr. Wells (flute), and Master Naylor, a pupil of Mr. Burton (pianoforte). The last-named played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* in E minor, and obtained great applause. Mr. Wesley conducted. Masters Giles and Appleyard were encored in several pieces.

**DEWSBURY.**—Mr. Burton's Annual Concert produced nearly £60, which, after paying the necessary expenses, will be handed over to the Patriotic Fund. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was the attraction. The band consisted of the West Riding Society of Musicians and Orchestral Union, and the chorus of the Leeds Choral Society, etc. Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Crosland (of Huddersfield), Mr. Perring, and Mr. Ellis, were the vocalists; and Mr. R. Burton was the conductor.

**REIGATE.**—(From a Correspondent).—So much has been said on the advantage of the cultivation of music, that a little positively done is worth more than pages of talk or theoretic speculation! Thus when our excellent Choral Society gave us last Thursday a concert of good music—well sung, it afforded not only real enjoyment, but proved what may be done by steady perseverance and united action. The concert was the best the Society has given and the performance altogether praiseworthy. The number of performers (about forty) seems hardly large enough to give effect to Händel's choruses, but this is a matter of opinion, and fault-finding would be out of place where there was so much to praise. Every town should attempt to form a Choral Society. It may take long to be able to perform such music as that of Thursday; but it can be done with time and practice. The Society had no other assistance professionally than that of Miss Henderson, who sang the pieces assigned her with taste and judgment, and gave the utmost pleasure. Too much cannot be said for the manner in which the leader and conductor Mr. E. Thurnam has managed his society. The members are diligent, sing with precision and go well together.

MR. W. E. EVANS'S CONCERT took place on Thursday evening. Signor Regondi played a solo on the guitar, and another on the concertina. Mrs. Bull and Mr. Paget sang several popular songs. Master Mills exhibited much promise, and the concert afforded gratification to a very thin audience. It is the intention of Mr. Evans to pay us another visit, when we trust these talented artists will be greeted by a more numerous auditory.—*Birmingham Journal*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. LAND begs to announce his Removal to 12, Hindestreet, Manchester-square.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street. Whose Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had, the above instruments.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI has removed to 24, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square.

MASTER ARTHUR NAPOLEON, begs to announce that he has returned from Germany and intends to stay in London for the season. All letters to be addressed to him, 30, Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park.

MISS E. STEELE, Vocalist (Soprano), begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 3, Royal Oak-terrace, West-bourne-grove.

MR. G. HAYWARD, Professor of Music, begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has removed from Bow-street, Covent-garden, to No. 8, Oxford-terrace, King's-road, Chelsea.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL—(Voice, Contralto,) Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

TO THE MUSIC TRADE, PIANO-FORTE SELLERS AND TUNERS. For disposal, a business established 1842, realizing £250 profit per year. Rent nearly covered by letting. Goodwill £300, Lease £50. Fixtures at a valuation. Address: T. Brown, Mr. Davies, 34, Portman-place, Edgware-road.

LADIES' SCHOOL TO BE SOLD.—A small, select, and first class establishment at a Seaport Town in Wales, capable of great extension. For particulars address to A. B., at Mr. Daniel's, Perfumery, 43, Burlington-arcade, London.

ORGANIST.—The office of Organist of the Church of Saint James, Bermondsey, Surrey, having become vacant, the Trustees of such church will meet at the Workhouse in Russell-street, on Thursday the 3rd of May next, at Eleven o'clock in the morning precisely, to receive applications, with testimonials, from persons desirous of becoming candidates for the appointment, and to have interviews with them. The Salary is £40 per annum, payable quarterly. No blind person or female is considered capable of the duties. Further particulars may be known at the Clerk's Office, 185, Bermondsey-street.—By order of the Trustees, B. and G. DREW, Clerks.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday evening, May 16th, 1855. Tickets, 7s., to be had at the principal Music-sellers. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only at Signor and Madame Ferrari's residence, 69, Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN has the honour to announce that her TWO ANNUAL MATINEES of PIANO-FORTE MUSIC will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Saturdays, May 19 and June 16, to commence at 3, when she will be assisted by Herr Ernst, M. Salton, Signor Platti, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Mad. Weiss, Mr. Walter Macfarren, etc. Double subscriptions, £1 1s.; single tickets, 7s., to be had at Ebers's Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.—Hanover Square Rooms.—The last but one AFTERNOON CONCERT of VOCAL MUSIC, selected entirely from the Works and Compositions of Sir Henry Bishop, will take place at the above Rooms on Saturday next, May 5, and positively the last Concert on Saturday Afternoon, May 12th. Reserved Numbered Stalls, Five Shillings; Unreserved Seats, Three Shillings. Books of the Words may be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; of Messrs. Keith, Prosser, and Co., Chesapeake; and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers. The Concert will commence each day at Half-past Three o'clock, and terminate before Five.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN, will repeat, by express desire, his first Musical Lecture and Entertainment "The ancient Keyed-stringed Instruments" illustrated by his own performances on the Virginals, and Harpsichord, on Tuesday evening, the 15th May, at the Marylebone Literary Institution.



**MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, STRATFORD.**—The Committee have the pleasure of announcing to the Subscribers to the Institution, and to the Gentry of Stratford, that a Concert will be given on Tuesday, May 1st, when the following artists will appear, Mrs. Pyne Galton, Miss Blanche Capill, Mr. A. Locksley, and Mr. Edmund Rosenthal.

**MR. ALFRED MELLON** respectfully announces that his **SECOND GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT** will take place at St. Martin's Hall on Monday Evening, May 7th, to commence at 8, on which occasion Signor Bottesini will make his first appearance in England these three years, and perform a new concertino on the contra-basso. Vocalists—Mlle. Louise Cellini and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianist—Mr. F. H. Bacha. Leader—M. Sainton. The Band will consist of Fifty of the finest living Instrumentalists, and will perform, during the evening, Mendelssohn's celebrated Symphony in A minor, also Overtures by Beethoven, Weber, Auber, etc. Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 6d., 5s., and 7s. 6d., to be had of Mr. Alfred Mellon, 134, Long Acre; Cramer and Beale, 201, Regent-street; St. Martin's Hall, and the principal music-sellers.

**MR. COOPER'S FIRST SOIRÉE** will take place on Wednesday next, at 27, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square. Begin at eight. Vocalists: Miss Milner (her first appearance in London) and Miss Poole; Piano, Herr Pauer; Violin, Cooper and Kreutzer; Viola, Mr. Webb; Violoncello, Signor Platti. Tickets, 7s. each: may be had at the music shops, and of Mr. Cooper, 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

**THE CHORAL SCHOOL**, under the direction of Mr. FREDERICK KINGSBURY, is established for the especial purpose of Training Amateurs in Choral Effects. The first meeting will take place at 11, Caroline-street, Bedford-square, on Wednesday evening, 2nd May at 8 o'clock. Applications to be made to the Director, 18, Cecil-street, Strand, and at the Meeting.

**MR. and MRS. ALFRED GILBERT, and MISS COLE** beg to announce that their **First Performance of Classical Chamber Music** will take place at the Willis's Rooms on Monday evening, May 7, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Subscription to the Series, One Guinea; extra tickets to Subscribers, 7s.; triple tickets, admitting three to one Concert, One Guinea; non-subscriber's ticket, Half-a-Guinea. To be had of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

**THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.**—Conductor, Mr. FRANK MORI; Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barret, Lasarus, Baumann, Clinton, Lovell Phillips, Prosper, Mount, Mann, Clöff, Zeiss, Tolbecque, Nadiant, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**MR. WM. STERNDAL BENNETT** respectfully announces that the **THIRD and LAST** of his **PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, May 1, to commence at half-past 8. Tickets, 10s. 6d. (to subscribers, 7s.); Family Tickets, to admit three, 21s.; to be had of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square; of Messrs. Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street; and of the principal music-sellers.

**INSTITUTION, GRAVESEND.**—A Concert, under the patronage of the Earl of Darnley, and F. Dobson, Esq., the Mayor, will take place on Monday, April 30th. Vocalists—Mrs. Pyne Galton, Miss Blanche Capill, Mr. A. Locksley, and Mr. Edmund Rosenthal.

**MUSICAL UNION—H.R.H. Prince ALBERT, Patron.**—**TUESDAY, May 1st, Half-past Three, Willis's Rooms.** Quartet No. 5, E flat, Mendelssohn; Sonata Pastorale, Beethoven; Quartet in A, clarinet, &c., Mozart. Solos, Pianoforte. Executants—Cooper, Carrodus, Hill, Platti, Lasarus, and C. Hallé. Visitor's Tickets to be had of Cramer and Co., Chappell and Ollivier, Bond-street. BOTTESINI is engaged for the Third Matinée. For particulars apply to J. ELLA, Director.

**R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTE** (on the old system of fingering.) This instrument is universally acknowledged to possess the most powerful tone, combined with perfect intonation, sweetness, and ease to the performer. Prospectus and testimonials on application to John Hudson, Manufacturer, 3, Rathbone-place.

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**PIANOFORTES.**—J. Marsh & Co., Pianoforte Manufacturers, beg to inform their friends in the Trade they have given up their Ware-rooms, in New Bond-street, and taken the premises, 13, Store-street, Bedford-square, near the Manufactory, to enable them to give their undivided attention to the Manufacturing Department. Letters to be addressed 13, Store-street, Bedford-square.

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**IMPROVED SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP**, by Mr. MASTER, at the Writing Institution, 93, Farringdon-street, Fleet-street, City.—Persons of any age (however bad their writing) can, by taking Eight Lessons, speedily acquire an expeditious and well-formed style of Penmanship, adapted either to business, professional pursuits, or private correspondence, at 1s. 6d. per Lesson, or the Course of Eight Lessons for 10s. 6d. Arithmetic and Book-keeping practically taught in all its branches. Short-hand taught in a few lessons. Separate Rooms for Ladies. Prospectuses to be had at the Institution.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** a sure remedy for Indigestion, Bile, and disordered Stomachs.—Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of Newtownards, had frequent attacks of bile and indigestion, particularly after indulging freely in the luxuries of the table. His appetite was good, but his digestion weak, which obliged him to have recourse to medicine as oft-changed as cold, for he seldom obtained more than temporary relief, relapsing again into the same unpleasantness. Holloway's Pills were recommended to him after all, and it is quite astonishing to see the benefit he has derived from them, as he can now eat indiscriminately, without fear of suffering from his former ailments.—Sold by all Vendors of Medicine, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 214, Strand, London; and 80, Maiden-lane, New York.

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